

USEFUL HINTS
TO THOSE WHO MAKE
THE TOUR OF FRANCE,
IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS,
WRITTEN FROM THAT KINGDOM.
BY
PHILIP THICKNESSE, Esq.

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These Letters contain some Account of the interior
Police of that Kingdom in general, and of Paris in
particular.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXVIII.

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THE Editor presents his *duty* to the Critical Reviewers, and desires the favour of them to answer the following questions, previous to their abuse of the following Letters.

In a *modest* preface to their Review for January 1767. they are pleased to put the following question to the public.

“ Whether they knew any work subsist in a tolerable
“ degree of reputation with the public, after having been
“ CONDEMNED by the AUTHORS of the CRITICAL
“ REVIEW.”

The Editor of these Letters asks them in return, how many wretched performances they have *commended, without any merit*. Has Dr. Kirkpatrick's Translation no merit? Has the Poem on the Isle of Wight any? Yet the former is highly censured, the latter shamefully applauded. Indeed the following pages might be filled with instances of their notorious partiality.—Partiality did I say? I should have said of their *atrocious* ignorance, incapacity, and * * * * *

ERRATA.

Page 28. l. 9. for *thus*, read *this*. p. 37. l. 8. for *see*,
read *sais*. p. 106. l. 1. for *stranger*, read *stronger*. p. 107. l. 9.
read "*The king replied.*" p. 211. for *Rue de Portes*, read *Rue*
de Postes. p. 216. l. 20. for *courtiers*, read *countenance*. p. 240.
l. 12. for *ninety-nine*, read *ninety*. p. 270. l. 4. for *should not*,
read *could not*. p. 271. l. 10. for *or*, read *for*. p. 276. for
trone, read, *tronc*. p. 277. for *for it being at the eve of a war*,
read *had it been at the eve of a war*. p. 278. l. 10. for *stay*, read
story. p. 284. l. 22. for *scarce to the French*, read *scarce known*.
The reader is desired to correct a few other errors of the press,
and excuse those of the writer, who had not an opportunity of
correcting the sheets.

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LETTER I.

St. Germain en Laye, Jan. 12. 1767.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE the publication of the Critical Review of December last, I have *accompanied* Mr. Smollet a second time, through his *travels* into France and Italy, and I dare say you will now think me justly intitled to *review* his travels, or rather his *tales*, without laying any other restraint upon my pen, than what *prudence, and attention to myself* dictates. In that illiberal abuse on the public, as well as on me, they are pleased to inform us in a note, that Dr. Smollet has *nothing to do*, nor has for many years, with the Critical Review; but nevertheless it is not impossible, but they might accept of a ready cut and dried Review from an *old* friend;

R

old

old habits are not easily forsaken. The chieftain of the Reviewers, perceiving that I was indifferent as to an attack made upon what I am sensible I do not possess, (any abilities as an author) laid aside *reviewing* the WRITINGS, to abuse and vilify the WRITER: men, however, who are *to be had*, like common prostitutes, for hire, are such whose commendation alone becomes infamous; their abuse is flattery; their applause is detraction. When sailors or soldiers, men bred to arms and not to letters, publish their travels or remarks upon other nations, the readers may find entertainment, by laughing at their folly; but from a writer *by trade*, or from those who live by *correcting*, or *criticising* the writings of *other men*, something better is expected. When the *arch critic* himself puts forth any thing; when *Toby the martinet in literature*, honours the world with an account of *his travels*, the public are gulled and imposed upon, if they do not meet with TRUTH; purity of style, delicacy of sentiment, and sterling judgment throughout the whole performance; from a writer by profession every propriety is expected, every absurdity is glaring.

Toby,

Toby, however, has convinced us of a truth I have often heard asserted, but which few men are capable of distinguishing; namely, — that there is as much difference between good parts, and good sense, as between a rotten apple and a sound one. A man may be able to write plausibly, or speak captivately; he may delude you with the flower of language, and yet, after all, be at bottom a foolish, contemptible, dogmatical coxcomb. I have heard a man speak like an angel at the Robin Hood in the Butcher-Row!! but I have heard more good sense, delivered in a plain simple manner, from the mouth of Sir John Barnard, than ever came from that of our modern *Demosthenes*. Instead of a few farther observations on the customs and manners of this nation, which I intended to send you, accept, at this time, a few remarks upon Mr. Smollet's *manners* in travelling through France and Italy for the cure of a *pulmonic disorder*, he laboured under, just as they occur to my memory, not out of resentment so much, as to shew how difficult a task it is, even for a *great man*, to *talk* of himself, and what he has seen, without speaking like a fool, or writing like a coxcomb; it is the best excuse I can offer in

behalf of my own crude observations: Mr. Smollet, I beg pardon! DOCTOR SMOLLET, at his first setting out, informs us, that he is as susceptible of catching cold "*as a delicate woman newly delivered!*" and presently afterwards we are told, that Mrs. Smollet is also a very delicate creature, who had never walked a mile in her life!

That the Doctor is a delicate creature I make no doubt; but that he should have conceived such a dislike to the *petits maitres* of this kingdom surprises me not a little! as his delicacy must appertain to his *manners*, his person, or his dress. He certainly does not mean delicacy in writing, nor delicacy in the choice of his *company*: It can be no entertainment to the public to be minutely informed how *matters passed, upwards or downwards*, when our traveller was sick; yet a third part of Mr. Smollet's travels are a detail of what passed between him, his closettool, and his physician, matters which ought to have been confined to a bedchamber, not exposed at a bookseller's shop. For the misfortune is, that though the doctor was, I believe, very sick, I do not find that his readers were very sorry. However, notwithstanding the decline of his health,

health, his heart was as sound as ever, nor did his spirits fail him; for in one and the same day we find him quarrelling outrageously with his *landlady* at *Brignolles*,—in a warm *dispute* with his landlord at *Muy*!—presently afterwards he is threatening some fellows upon the road with *manual exercise*, and the day is finished by a vehement dispute with the principal magistrate of a town!!! At another time the *hero* is armed with his sword in one hand, and his stick in the other! and he had actually (he says) proceeded to *manual exercise*, had it not been for fear of *frighting the ladies*! Poor ladies!—After all, had not our traveller been a doctor *his own self*, and assured us *over and over again* that his case was *pulmonic*, one would have been apt to have suspected it a *little tinged* with an overflowing, or obstruction in the gall-bladder; for whoever reads the squabbles, quarrels, disputes, &c. &c. of Dr. Smollet and his family from Dover to Rome, and from Rome to Dover; will be apt to think with me, that some alteration should be made to the title-page of his book, and that more properly it should be intitled, “*QUARRELS* through France and “*Italy for the cure of a pulmonic disorder,*

"by T. S. M. D." At Sens, in Champagne, even a most remarkable *quiet pacific nobleman* of *Auxerre*, could not escape the repeated and unprovoked insults of this *valetudinarian hero*. A little man, "with a thin, *meagre*, discontented face, and a very singular dress," it seems bullied and abused the whole kingdom of France and states of Italy to their faces, and has laid it on outrageously behind their backs, and yet, thanks to that Providence who preserves the lives of great men,

DR. SMOLLET IS STILL LIVING!

I have often joined in wonder with many others at one escape, among the many imminent dangers the Doctor had, which is, that he should insult a French gentleman of fashion, "who travelled in his own chaise, accompanied by a servant in a rich livery," and treat him not only with the lowest language, but even make him assist in fixing his baggage more securely behind the doctor's coach, without getting his bones broke! for I will venture to affirm, and every gentleman in this kingdom agrees with me, that the *Auxerre* French nobleman, whom he
treated

LETTER I.

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treated so scurvily, is the *only* French gentleman in the whole kingdom who would have submitted to it as he did : and I will appeal to the Doctor's own account how rashly he acted, and how fortunately he escaped what he merited. I believe there are many such esquires, nay even I could *name you* A COLONEL, in England, that might be alarmed, and even terrified, at such a piece of *Bretesh* effrontery ; but in France, I do insist upon it, there is no other than *that same individual Auxerre gentleman*, who would have given civil language, and lent a *helping hand*, in return to such arrogance, or *fausse raillerie* ; nor could Dr. Smollet have journied the length of Auxerre with his eyes open, and not have known, that the white-laced beaver cap is what every gentleman in France wears when he travels. So that neither his laced cap, nor his cambrick handkerchief, were at all characteristic of his being a post-master, or a *lâche* ; nor indeed do any such persons as what we understand by post-master, appear at the post-houses in France : but the doctor was pleased to be in the humour *pour faire le brave*, and did it *dans une bonne heure*.

L E T T E R I.

Returning from Rome, he meets upon the road his old friend, fellow-traveller, and *bourreau*, *Joseph*! — *Joseph* is overjoyed!! — He seizes his master's hand with rapture!! and even shed tears of joy!! and Mr. Smollet himself, *for once*, confesses he was pleased to see such marks of gratitude!! Here it ought, in justice to the Doctor, to be observed, that he was not only *pleased*, but *modest*; for he does not inform us from what acts of *his generosity* *Joseph's* tears of gratitude were called forth.

WHAT A STRANGE COMPOUND IS MAN!

“*Joseph* formerly (and in his youth too) was a robber in the *banditti*, under the famous *Manderene*!! *Joseph* purchased his own life, by becoming the executioner of his BRAVE and VALIANT CAPTAIN!! *Joseph* degenerates into a little dirty knave, and driver of a road cartriage!! *Joseph* bears all the outward marks of an assassin! *Joseph* was detected by the Doctor in committing some petty frauds upon the road! yet this same *Joseph* burst into tears of joy, and seized the Doctor's hand with rapture, and for no other reason that we are informed of, but because he had accidentally drove,
and

and wilfully defrauded him: so Joseph too proved as susceptible of the tender passions *as a delicate woman is of catching cold, who has been newly delivered,*

The Doctor is very particular in relating what he saw at Rome; but quite silent about *who* he saw there! except the *raw boys* whom Britain hath *poured forth* to her dishonour, without mentioning one word of the *old boys*, whom, thank God, Scotland *poured forth*; and yet, if my information be true, he drew more than one cork with a *Bretesh* gentleman, who was *under butler* to a very *gued femely*, *wha then leved en Etaly*. But it is a hard matter to please *all sides*, and least said is soonest amended. Besides, every body expected from Dr. Smollet, the author of *a History of England*, to be indulged with a *full and particular account* of the Pretender. I beg pardon; I mean the *K—*, the *P—*, and *ave* the *R— femely*. What! go to Rome, and not see the pope, the cardinal, and the *old gentleman!!!* But perhaps, after all, these particulars are kept back for "*want of*" *leisure*, or to embellish a second edition of *a History of England*. It would be a very pretty *improvement* to it to see the heads of the *exceled femely* cheek by jole with

with general O——e and the earl of B—, like WILL. and MARY on the coin.—What a pity it is the Doctor had not *leisure* to tell us *what* those remarks are, which he *can* communicate, in case of a fresh rupture with this kingdom; without doubt it is some scheme of *catching* the Pretender, the P—I mean: surely lord C— will call him before the P—C— for *public* examination! I lament much that the Doctor did not omit the seventeen pages of French and *Leten*, relative to what passed between him and his Montpellier physician; this would have given him *leisure* to have informed his *brother Britons* how to crush this *nasty, little, dirty, petulant kingdom* of *France*, and would have proved much *prettier* reading than contrasting his own *puere Leten* with Dr. F.'s pretended vulgar French*.

Before the Doctor leaves Rome, he furnishes us with a few remarks, which are really *new, singular, and curious*. He observes, for instance, that the tubes of the Italian fountains are no bigger than *glyster-pipes*!—This is one advantage we reap by

* It is more than probable, our traveller's *valet* pocketed the *letter*, and wrote the vulgar answer which the Doctor recites; for it is impossible to conceive it to have been fabricated by Dr. F. himself.

reading the *travels of a Doctor*. Now a man in good health, and unacquainted with *lave-mens*, would have overlooked this curious and singular simile. The fountains at *Marli* beat those at Rome quite *bollow*; for there the aperture would swallow a *two and forty pounder*! The *Panttheon*, which has been hitherto admired (exclusive of the modern portico) as a master-piece of architecture, is compared by this *descriptive writer*, like unto a huge cockpit, with a hole at the top. Why not like unto an inverted porridge-pot, with a hole in the bottom?

At Paris our traveller walked the streets (in spite of his *pulmonic* complaint) *chapeau sous le bras*, in wet cold weather! and in the same coxcomical manner, after dark, in the gardens of Versailles *walked he*! — At *Marli* he sauntered, in this *naked-beaded condition*, above a mile, through damp allies!! Very good: it is the fashion of the country so to do; but who would have suspected this *Bre-tesh* beau to have been a valetudinarian or an historian, who at that very time was *ridiculing the customs and manners* of a nation, whom he was actually aping in a superlative degree! Nor could his disorder, of which he
despaired

despaired a perfect recovery, induce him to abandon the *prevalency of custom*, or the *privilege* of walking like a fool, and looking like a coxcomb. — *A robbery* having been committed, he orders his *petit canon* to be loaded with *eight balls* ! and at Nuys in Burgundy it was fired in the air, and greatly terrified all the *petit monde* ! *These* and the like are to be sure *curious* and *entertaining* anecdotes. We are always pleased to know any the most trifling actions of *great men*. Upon this road it was (never forget it, ye travelling Britons) that DOCTOR SMOLLET was much entertained with the conversation of his *friend Joseph* ! — Montpellier would have proved agreeable, had it not been for the *crowd of company* who were *continually* and *unexpectedly pouring in* ! composed, I conclude, of the *raw boys* of England, and the *white boys* of Ireland, without any allay of the *braw lods* from Scotland ! Though to be sure it must have been a mortifying circumstance to be thus interrupted, while he was *correcting the errors* of one Pliny, an *ignorant pagan*, who actually says there *was* an inscription in a certain place, where our modern traveller sees there *is* none ! !

At Nice, the inhabitants are, with respect to decency, compared to Swift's *Raboo*s ! It
certainly

L E T T E R I.

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certainly is a very HOT climate ; nevertheless the Doctor burnt, in the space of *four weeks*, FIFTEEN THOUSAND weight of wood !!! exclusive of pine-tops to light this bonfire!—The poor cook ! I wonder ! is HE alive !!

I forbear mentioning particulars relative to the old woman's ghost, or the terrible *wild beast*, not the wild beast of Geauvadan, but a *ferocious* animal called a *mule* ; nor will I look into the *private temples of ease* in France, or the public ones at *Nice* ; but conclude in agreeing with the Doctor, that “ it is not
 “ *clear to him*, that a people is the more
 “ brave, the more they are accustomed to
 “ bloodshed. Some of this *sanguinary spirit*
 “ (says he) is inherited by the inhabitants of
 “ a *certain island that shall be nameless ; but*
 “ *mum for that.*”—And presently afterwards she tells us, “ that the old Romans delighted to see
 “ the heads and dead bodies of the executed
 “ criminals *stuck up* like those at *Temple-bar.*”
 —What a leap backwards!! from the *old Romans* to the *young Highlanders*, who made so *noble a stand* against H. R. H. the duke of *Cumberland*. Indeed since it is become the *fashion* to see heads pass *under Temple-bar*, which ought to have been *over it*, I
 think

think it is high time these *spectacles* should be taken down; and to perpetuate the memory of *their sufferings*, a few *whigs* put in their place.

Italy, says the Doctor, abounds with *raw Englishmen* (not Britons) whom Britain hath *poured forth*. At Rome he met with a number of *raw Englishmen* (not Britons) “ ignorant, petulant, rash, and profligate, without any knowledge of *their own*, or any body to superintend their conduct.” What a pity! while so many *braw lods*, whom Scotland hath *poured forth*, *prudent, learned, and necessitous*, want *gude pupils*; *lods who understaund the Leten, and who awe ken wha es the ferst mon en Eteley*.

Mr. Sharp gives an account of the English travellers in Italy diametrically opposite to Dr. Smollet's, and particularly at Rome; but then we have *only* Mr. Sharp's *WORD* for what he advances; the Doctor gives his *word* and *honour* too: so that we are struck *dumb*, and bound to believe him, as we do a shopkeeper, when he gives his *word* and *honour* you have the *goods* under *prime cost*. To conclude, in the 41st and last letter, we find Dr. Smollet, his lady, and Miss C— *safely*
and

and happily arrived at their old lodgings in *Boulogne*, after a journey of about two years by land and sea, and after having escaped an infinite number of the most imminent dangers! from which place he indulges his eager eyes with a view of the white cliffs at Dover, and feels impatient “to tempt the invidious
“streight *once more* ;” to get where? — why to that country which he had fled from but two years before with *eagerness*, “as a scene
“of illiberal dispute, incredible infatuation;
“where he had been traduced by malice,
“abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed with calamities; where a few
“worthless incendiaries had, by dint of perfidious calumnies, and atrocious abuse,
“kindled up a flame, which threatened all
“the horrors of *civil* dissention;” and he might have added, where he had been three months imprisoned, in a common gaol, for his own perfidious calumnies, and atrocious abuse (in the *Critical Review*) of a gentleman of rank, to whose person and character he was an utter stranger. I will not tell you what the *Journal Encyclopedique*, published at Paris, says of those letters which you have printed of mine, nor trouble you with their remarks
upon

upon Dr. Smollet's; but if the salubrious air of Nice should ever become again necessary for the re-establishment of his health, I would advise him to go there in the *same kind of vehicle* he first came to London in *from the north*, and when he gets there, to change his name, or mend his manners.

A Scotch gentleman in this town, who lived many years at Rome, says, he does not believe Smollet ever was there, and gives many reasons whereon he founds his opinion. One is, because he says the "*piazza D'Espagna*" is open, airy, and pleasantly situated in a "*HIGH PART* of the city." His countryman insists upon it, that it is in the lowest part of all Rome, and that he quitted his lodgings there for that single reason! Nor is he less surpris'd that he should speak of the *Panttheon* in the style of a bruiser, as it is ever beheld and entered by men of TRUE TASTE and judgment, with a reverential awe to its superlative beauty, and great antiquity. As I never was at Rome, I must leave you to think of this matter as you please; but always think of me as

Your affectionate humble servant.

P. S.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that as I passed through Boulogne, I saw the young gentleman who so kindly received, and hospitably entertained, Mr. S—— and his family. This young man, whose youth and good offices ought to have saved him from the Doctor's ridicule, is now pointed out to every English and *Breish* traveller, as an object of contempt, because he was picked out as a subject of satire, for rendering every civility that lay in his power to the Doctor in the best manner he was able.—What an imposition it is upon the public, for a man to vend eighty pages, to give an account of a contemptible sea-port, inhabited by Scotch renegado smugglers, and a few private French families, which are called the *noblesse of Boulogne* ! Would not any man laugh to see an account of the *noblesse* of Dover, Deal, or Harwich ?



LETTER II.

St. Germain's, Jan. 15, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I Am to acknowledge the favour of your letter, with the sheets of the Reviews and Magazines inclosed, relative to the publication of my letters. What the Monthly Review and Magazines say might induce me to continue sending you such further observations on the manners and customs of this nation, which my situation here enables me to remark; though, to say the truth, having furnished you with a few general hints how to pass the roads, and how to shun the inconveniencies that more particularly attend the *English traveller*, I believe I should have *haude* my *haunde*, had not the reviewing *Tweedites* thrown so much filth *at me*, instead of *at my letters*. By this, however, they have convinced the public how very unworthy they are of their encouragement; and me, that

that if my observations do not entertain my friends, some of my remarks mortify my enemies:

As to the libellous part of their conduct, I shall say little about it; and only observe to you, that the author of it has, by an over attempt to conceal (a constant error of weak men) pointed himself out very clearly; you cannot suppose I squint towards the Doctor, because *he, we are informed by a note, has now, nothing to do with the Critical Review*; and it cannot be supposed Mr. Hamilton's *society of gentlemen* would tell a fibb. Their notorious partiality is; however, got to such a height, that it behoves every man of letters, or an encourager of literature, to put a stop to the manner in which these abusers of the works of even real merit, impose upon the public. Had a Scotch man-midwife, or an Aberdeen physician, translated *Tysott's Advice to the people* in the same clear and intelligible manner in which that admirable and useful treatise has been rendered into English by Dr. *Kirkpatrick*, what encomiums would they not have lavished upon the Doctor's head, and even upon his heart? But though much is due to both, for this valuable translation, Dr. Kirk-

patrick has been reviewed by those *Tweedites* in the most invidious and illiberal manner, against whom he has defended himself like a scholar and a gentleman, in the appendix to his second edition. If you ask why Dr. Kirkpatrick was thus treated? I answer, because he is, I conjecture by his name, an Irishman; or rather, because he is not a Scotchman. Sure I am, had he been a North Briton, no such abuse, or false criticism had befallen him in the Critical Review. I could recite an hundred instances, of the scandalous manner in which those Reviewers, endeavour to sport away the character and reputation of learned and ingenious men, whose want of *merit* alone lies in their being born in that *unlucky part*, at present, of Great Britain called England. But I will rest it here, and submit it to the judgment of every honest and candid man living, whether instead of the forced and wretched criticisms they have made on Dr. Kirkpatrick's translation, he does not merit in an high degree, the esteem and the thanks of the public. I the more particularly have pitched upon this book, as it is the *BOOK ALONE*, which gives me any knowledge of the ingenious translator.

Men

Men who possess even an idea of common honesty, would be particularly cautious what they say relative to the writings of an individual now living, and particularly of a professor of physic, surgery, or any art or science, whereon a man's character not only depends, but perhaps the support of his family. What is said of me, in a Review, as a writer, can no ways injure me: what they have said of me as a man, those to whom I am known, are I hope, better able to judge, than they, who know me not; but an able physician, a skilful surgeon, or an ingenious artist, may suffer grievously by the abuse even of ignorant block-heads. The most effectual means therefore to compel these prostituted pens to shew the allegiance they owe to the public, and to do justice to merit, is starve them down to it. Is there not a Monthly Review, a Gentleman's Magazine, and other periodical accounts of books, published by men of character, and wrote by men who allow merit to writers of all nations in general, like citizens of the world; men who write with judgment, decency, truth and decorum? I should be ashamed to make any distinction about country, especially two, which are by law, and ought by nature, to be united;

but the flagrant examples of partiality set by our northern neighbours, even from the *bighest* to the lowest, calls aloud for every Englishman to avoid strengthening a connection, which so sensibly weakens himself. Mistake me not, I am speaking only with respect to those with whom we trade, or lay out our money. There is scarce an instance of an English physician, surgeon, midwife, apothecary, wine-merchant, or, in short down to every kind of traffic, who is ever called upon, or dealt with, in the metropolis of London by a Scotch family, and they are very numerous; while the generous Englishman, deals indiscriminately with men of all nations, as they fall in his way. I am not condemning the Scotch for doing it; it may perhaps be laudable; it may be human nature so to do; but while they observe it, let us do so too.

Whoever will take the trouble to see how the Reviewers have treated Dr. Kirkpatrick, may find, by the same *impartial* critics, the manner in which they muster their countrymen: a man who calls himself a physician and man-midwife, of Marishal college, Aberdeen; this *ingenious* man, describing the *placenta*, says it is like an *oatcake*, or *bannock*!
and

and orders his female patient a bannock sopped in ale, and some comfortable *sippings*. All this may be *very like*, and very good, for aught I know; but had Dr. Kirkpatrick wrote such stuff as this bannock midwife's pocket companion is composed of, he would not have met with such favour from the *pens of Falconcourt*. Indeed I think the college of Aberdeen, very honestly, did themselves and the Doctor justice in the public news-papers; but I ask your pardon; what am I about? Instead of reviewing the manners and customs of this polite nation, I am got amongst the *cadees* of Edinburgh. However, I must confess they are the scum and refuse of that nation, not gentlemen; for between them and the vulgar, I hope, there is as much difference, as there is between the *petit monde* and the fashionable part of this kingdom. Here follows a recent instance of the latter.

Not long since, a parcel of British *bucks* (I hope there is no harm in supposing they might be composed of the *three* nations) got very drunk together at a town in the south of France. The natural consequences of a hot climate, youth, and liquor, led them into some very irregular excesses, to say no worse:

in short, they did what would have been attended with very serious consequences, had they been citizens instead of strangers; but mark the forcible and elegant rebuke of the French commandant, sent them the next morning: "Monfieur —— presents his compliments to the English gentlemen, he desires they will not give themselves the trouble to *correct* any of the inhabitants of this town who insult, or in any manner give them offence, as they may be assured, that any person who treats them with the least disrespect, will be severely punished."— What effect this temperate rebuke had, I cannot say; but I believe a good one: for I think none of the *Falcon-court* society of gentlemen were then in the south of France,

As I told you, in a former letter, I despair of ever attaining the art of writing a *pretty letter*; yet, as I am sensible how much depends upon the manner in which (to speak in the style of an auctioneer) a letter is *knocked off*, by a graceful and well-turned conclusion, I am determined, in spite of the sin of plagiarism, to conclude this, and my subsequent letters above the reach of *Scotch criticism*: for who among them will dare to censure me,
 3 when

when I say,—“ These I own are frivolous incidents, scarce worth committing to paper ; but they may serve to introduce observations of more consequence ; and in the mean time I know nothing will be indifferent to you that concerns

“ Your humble servant.”

There's for you !

A la Smolletta !

P. S. You will say, perhaps, that the French commandant's message was nothing more than a piece of artful French politesse ; I grant it ; But is not such politesse, and a good sleep *at home*, after a drunken frolic, better than *seeing* a justice, or feeling the hard floor of a round-house ?

P. S. the second. A facetious friend of mine, who possesses much wit and humour, told me, that he dining with a Scotch acquaintance, commended his port, and asked of whom he bought it ? And was answered, of *Wolly Davidson*. At other times he admired his wig, his shoes, his stockings, and in short every thing he wore, or used in his house, and taking down the names and residence

residence of these super-excellent tradesmen from time to time, he found every one to be a *gued cheeld*, and that most of them understood the *Leten*. Now however trifling this may appear at first, it is a most material matter to every English tradesman. My shoemaker, Hamilton, in Newport-street, for instance, has his common share of business with his fellow-craft; but he has an advantage over every Englishman, by the preference and encouragement he is sure to find from his countrymen. Nor is this all; for they are continually using the most artful address to prevail upon their acquaintance to deal with their *ane* tradesmen. How silyly does Smollet hint to you, that no good wine is to be had at Boulogne, but such as is bought of the *British Merchants* settled there. Now these same British merchants settled there, are *North Britons* *.

* Without the gift of *second sight* I perceive, by some letters I have received from England, that the day is not very remote, when you will find an ignorant Scotch Surgeon, by means of a f—— and an M. D. refuse to hold a consultation with any but those of his own country.

(27) L E T T E R III.

St. Germain's, Jan. 16, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I Ask your pardon for writing so angry a letter as my last of the 14th instant; for though I know you will excuse me, yet I know that when a man writes out of temper, he writes out of tune also; so I will make the same apology I used formerly to make to my mother when I had committed a fault, "*Pray for—*" "*give me this time, and I will never do so*" "*any more.*" Besides, my dear Sir, I begin to be sorry I said even a wry word about Dr. S——; for I now discover a great similarity between his fate and my own: for he was, as he says, "*traduced by malice,*" "*persecuted by faction, and abandoned by*" "*false patrons;*" and so was I! "*You know,*" says he, "*with what eagerness I fled from*" "*my*"

“ my country,” (I presume he means Scotland); and you know with what eagerness I fled from mine! *little England*: for with all its *imperfections*, I love it. He was overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, the loss of a hopeful child; I also lost a child or two. He was imprisoned three months in the King’s-Bench gaol, for libelling a gentleman, whose *character and person* he was an *utter stranger* to; I was served the same *sauce*, for libelling a gentleman, whose person is known to every body. He packed up his family accompanied by a faithful servant (a North Briton, I conjecture) into a hired coach and four, and set out for Dover; I stuffed mine into a *landau and one*, and set out for the same place. His *faithful* servant indeed beat mine *hollow*, for mine proved a rogue; but then he was a Frenchman, and consequently a *petit maitre*. His books were seized by the officers of the customs; the ice in the *Seine* has laid an embargo on mine. He bathed voluntarily in the sea, and “and caught a fresh cold in his “ head!” I tumbled into it by accident, without any bad consequence, but wetting my
 jacket.

jacket. The Doctor gives us the etymology of the little bird called a wheat-ear, and informs us (*by the bye*) that its real name is white-a—fe, from the French name *cul blanc*, and I am inclined to believe this *ingenious* remark is a just one, because those birds are known by no other name throughout the greatest part of England *. This etymology, however, puts me in mind of another, which seems very applicable to the Doctor, as well as to myself, which is, that he and I are *sauntering* fellows, a word I apprehend made on your side of the water, from two appertaining to this, i. e. *sans-terre*, men *without land* or property, and therefore live upon other mens labours, like soldiers and the *Reviewers*, because they have none of their own. In short, he had the misfortune to publish a libel on admiral Knowles; I upon FRANCIS BARON ORWELL, of the kingdom of Ireland, the present member of parliament for the borough of Ipswich, and colonel of the eastern battalion of the Suffolk militia, a body of private men whom one cannot behold at their annual time of exercise,

* When those birds became a dish at elegant tables, they of course *there* lost the original name white-a—e.

without

without lamenting that they *now* are, and have been for a long time, without a lieutenant colonel, without a major, without a captain, and with, or without, I cannot speak with certainty, two or three subalterns, besides Mr. Abraham Clark the adjutant, formerly a captain in the army, and author of a

HOME THRUST AT DUELLING.

But to return from this digression. In point of expence I must own, the Doctor *outshone me*; for it cost me for a clean elegant vessel intirely to myself, which conveyed my family, my chaise, and two lumbering horses to Calais, three guineas, and no more; but the Doctor *says* he paid seven, nay eight, for a wretched dirty *equipage*, called a Folkstone cutter. Ought he not rather to have called it a Folkstone shaver? Indeed I must observe, that the Doctor, throughout his whole journey *outwards* and *inwards*, notwithstanding his *sharp look out before*, was most egregiously extravagant, or outragiously imposed upon; for, according to his own account, we cannot allow less than a brace of thousands for his two years *trip* to Rome and back again; a circumstance which, when *well considered*, must surprise every body! though not altogether how
he

he contrived to *spend* it!!! for we are informed the Doctor has *now*

“ *Nothing to do with the Critical Review.*”

Two thousand pounds is a great sum to pay for bad fare, sad beds, ill treatment, and two years absence from his own *dear* country; to learn what? why that the Pantheon at Rome is like a porridge-pot, the Italian fountains like glyster-pipes; that French women are painted dolls, and ALL the men *petit maitres*, who take snuff in a more indelicate manner than an Highlander, and (*the Auxerre nobleman excepted*) quite destitute of *good manners*; for the only *real good* which the Doctor could have rendered to the public, it unfortunately happened he “had not *leisure*” “to communicate, namely how to *make a*” “*vigorous impresson upon this nation, in case*” “*of any future rupture with them.*” To do the French nation some justice, however, DOCTOR SMOLLET does allow it has heretofore produced a *few great men*; nay he does not *absolutely deny* but that there are *two or three* to be found even in these days. I cannot help wishing, however, that I had been honoured with the acquaintance of *petit maitres* Montesquieu, Voltaire, Helvetius, Mar-
montel,

montel, and many other *hommes savans* now of lately living in this kingdom: for though the generality of Frenchmen do not *think of thinking*; yet those who do, and their numbers are not a few, I will venture to say, think deeply, deeper perhaps than men of any other nation; but then these men are seldom to be seen *chapeau de bras* at ale-houses, or in the *streets* of Paris, or in the *damp allies* of public gardens: for it must be confessed, that those places do abound with *petits maitres*; but yet truth obliges me to own, that the most superlative coxcomb, fop, or *petit maitre* Paris or perhaps the world can boast of at this day, is not a *subject* of France, Spain, or Italy; but (I am sorry to say it) HE IS ONE OF US *.

But what astonishes me more than all is, that the Doctor will not allow France to be in the possession of any of the fine arts, or artists! yet whoever, except the Doctor, beholds the manufacture at the *Gobelins*, the noble equestrian statues of their kings, the inimitable sculptures of *Girondon*, and the exquisite manner in which they model figures in China ware at *St. Cloud*, must confess, that if such things are

* This gentleman, it is said, spends 200 *l. per annum* at Paris, in the article of nose-gays only!!

as well done in England, that they are not so frequently seen. Their large plates of looking-glass surpasses every thing of that kind among us; nor do any people execute work in gold, silver, or jewels more exquisitely: but then these things are not to be found at an *Auberge*, nor at a public hotel, and therefore they might escape the Doctor's notice. The little palace of Marli is spoken of by Mr. Smollet with the utmost contempt;—but surely he did not see it!! for I do not think it possible for the imagination of the most fertile genius to conceive any thing more complete, or any thing which can more delight the mind of man. Though I mentioned this paradise of a place to you in a former letter, yet, after having seen it an hundred times, it appeared still more and more delightful; and I will venture to affirm, there is nothing in Europe, if in the whole world, which can surpass its beauties. The outside of the palace is absurdly characterised as the palace of the sun, and the twelve pavilions, six on each side the *parterre*, represent the twelve signs of the *zodiac*. But, exclusive of the buildings, the infinite number of well-executed statues, vauzes, urns, &c. the gardens and water-works alone far surpass, as I

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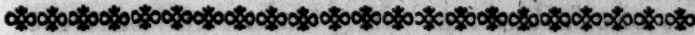
said

said above, what the most fertile imagination can conceive. And though the chateau must appear very small to those who have just before seen the amazing pile of buildings at Versailles; yet the king's little palace at Marli is the most convenient, the most elegant, and best-constructed house I ever was within. It has four equal fronts, with a noble and spacious hall, lighted by a cupola from the top, which is surrounded by a great number of elegant bedchambers, closets, and cabinets, and the walls are chiefly covered with the most exquisite work of the Gobelins manufacture. The king and queen's bedchambers and the council-room are upon the ground floor; and if the apartments at *Versailles* are *dismal*, a remark I find Mr. Smollet alone makes, those of Marli are *tout au contraire*. In short, Marli, its gardens, and the beauties it contains, are not too much to bewilder the imagination; on the contrary, the palace and gardens of Versailles are so incumbered (if I may use the expression) with magnificence, that it is not a day, nor perhaps a year which could satisfy the curiosity of an inquisitive and curious observer. If one only of the noble *vauzes* with which every corner of the gardens

gardens at Versailles are adorned, was put up at *Stowe*, every body would be speaking of the exquisite manner in which the *basso relievo* is executed thereon; but in the garden of Versailles they are too numerous to attract attention. And I will venture to say, that if that inimitable piece of sculpture there, which, with concern I say it, stands exposed to all weather, called the baths of Apollo, were to be secretly buried under the refuse of Rome, and then produced as a work of antiquity, all the connoisseurs would think they deserved to be covered with a canopy of gold. I much question whether we do not use the living artists of Europe very ill, by giving such preference to works of antiquity, and I wish those who are so enraptured with them would learn to make the proper distinction, so as to value things for their *antiquity alone*, when they are not valuable for the manner in which they are executed; but, at present, if a seal, or a ring, can be authenticated as a genuine *antique*, there are affected fools enough to give a large price for it, without having any attention to the hand of the artist. I wish these connoisseurs would consider how grievously it must hurt a living artist, to see a trumpery

piece of antiquity admired, and bear a high price, while his superior work stands by unnoticed!! Yet this is the foible of our countrymen; but, to the honour of the French nation, they are proud of the work of their own artists; and the artists of France, as well as of England, have a right to be proud of their own works. But I am got out of my depth, so adieu.

LET-



L E T T E R . I V .

St. Germain, Jan. 4, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

Sais
AS the king hunts three times a week in his forest near this town during the whole winter, I was desirous of partaking of that diversion, which I could not with propriety do, till I had been presented to him; for he always asks who strangers are? and I did not chuse to put myself in the way of a *shrug*, and a *Je ne sçai pas*, I therefore took the liberty to apply, by letter, (assigning my reasons) to his Excellency the earl of Rochford, the present ambassador to this court, to present me to the king, who soon after gave me notice to attend at *Versailles* for that purpose. And, at the same time, I was honoured with an invitation from the countess of Rochford, to dine with her there, it being the day on which her Excellency

lency was to have her first audience of the queen, and the royal family of France. This was one instance of the pleasant and captivating manner in which their excellencies confer honour and favours; for it not only gave me an opportunity of seeing that whole ceremony of the first audience of an ambassadrefs from my own country, but gave me an opportunity of seeing a table, where no expence or art was spared, to render it as magnificent as possible; but of which I shall speak hereafter, lest I forget to tell you an anecdote of the famous Alderman Parsons, who you know resided many years in France, and who, mounted on a very fine English gelding, *ala mode d'Anglois*, joined the king at one of these hunts. His black cap, buckskin breeches, &c. soon attracted the notice of the king, who inquiring who he was? a waggish nobleman replied, *Il est un chevalier de MALTA!* Is he! said the king (not understanding the pun upon an English word) then where is his cross? The Alderman, however, was not only permitted to hunt, but the king took so much notice of him, and his *horse*, that he soon after sent him the horse as a present; and the king, in return, gave him leave to import, *duty free*,
whatever

whatever quantity of English porter he pleased into the city of Paris. A most generous return! for it is inconceivable what a profit must arise from such an indulgence. A French *Burgois* however rich, not even the *fermiers generaux*, are ever permitted to hunt with the king. After I had been presented, I constantly partook of that diversion; and though the king neither admired me nor my horse, I unavoidably sometimes fell so much in his way, as to experience a look and manner, which his good-nature and good breeding could not conceal; for he has naturally some dislike to an Englishman. I misinformed you as to the king and nobility riding with pistols, &c. upon these occasions; it is only the huntsmen and guards who are so armed. What is singular is, that the principal huntsman is a gentleman of fortune, who rides with the horn over his shoulder, and sounds the fight, the death, &c. &c. and is dressed in the same uniform as the king. Dress, even in the field, is attended to here; for I was told, with great civility, but a very serious countenance, that my black waistcoat was a great impropriety at a hunt, though it was during the second mourning for the *dauphin*.

You must not, however, think hunting in France is like the same diversion in England ; for it is quite another thing, as you seldom see either the dogs or the chase, or seldom ride hard. When the stag or wild boar is killed, there is a particular ceremony performed. The foot is cut off by the huntsman, and given to the king, and the stags heads are all blanced, and carried to *Ver-sailles*, where many of them are to be seen, wrote upon by *the king's own hand*, *when* and *where* killed ! But to return from the field to the court. When the countess of Rochford came to the door of the queen's apartment, her Excellency was received by a lady of the bed-chamber, and was by her conducted to the queen, who received the ambassadress standing. A stool was placed opposite the queen, whereon her ladyship, during her short audience, sat ; and just as she was going to retire, two doors were thrown suddenly open, and an audible voice called out, *LE ROY !* when the king appeared, under a pretence of visiting the queen ; but in fact this was a studied piece of address, that the Ambassadress might be presented to him at the same time, as it would certainly be very awkward, and indeed
very

very absurd, for an ambassadress to visit the king upon such an occasion. *Monsieur le Dauphin*, and his brother the *compte de Provence*, made use of the same address, and visited their mother *madame la Dauphine* during the time the Ambassadress had audience of her. Upon this occasion a great number of Englishmen of very high rank attended the Ambassadress, among whom was the new-created Duke of Northumberland, whose elegant dress, richly adorned with jewels, made no small addition to the cavalcade, and the whole ceremony was conducted in all respects, with suitable dignity to the occasion. After the ceremony, which must have proved very fatiguing to the Ambassadress, by the severity of the weather, and the great distance of the several apartments of the royal family from each other, a most noble and sumptuous entertainment was provided in the palace, for the ambassadress and her company. To give you a description of the dinner is more than I am able; but the table at which I dined (for I found afterwards there was another) was illuminated with upwards of sixty wax lights, and the desert was inconceivably magnificent. I had the honour to sit between an
archbishop

archbishop of France and an Irish earl *, and was well entertained in all respects. There is a great deal of wine drank in France during dinner, but none after. The climate, the wine, the fruit, and the ease and good breeding of the first people in France, are indeed very powerful arguments in favour of the country; but on the other hand, the dirt and poverty of the numerous poor (and they are very numerous) renders it very inferior to England in that respect. Champaign is seldom brought to elegant tables in France; they spare it to us Britons! out of *politeness*, and a conviction that it is not *wholesome* for themselves. “In my next I shall endeavour to satisfy you in other articles you desire to know; mean while,

“I am ever yours.”

P. S. I cannot omit informing you, that that the dinner was brought to the table by a regiment of *whiskered* Swiss soldiers! while a great number of idle servants stood behind the chairs of their ladies, and masters with their hats on; and what was still more extraordinary, I saw four boys (which, upon in-

Lord Mazarine.

quity,

quity, I found were assistants in the kitchen) stand directly opposite to the ambassadress and the duchess D' Choufeul, with night-caps on their heads, which no time could have rendered more filthy, and their aprons and other apparel equally obnoxious; but this was an instance of the ease and freedom, for which the kingdom of France is celebrated: indeed it is such an *alia* of magnificence, elegance, riches, and poverty, that disagreeable and disgusting objects, do not seem to strike the eyes and mind of the natives of France, as it does those of other nations. Were the poor day-labourers and *vigenerons* capable, by their labour and industry, to keep themselves, their families, and their little habitations, in the same neat, simple manner that the industrious part of the poor in England do, France would be the most delightful country in the world, either to pass through, or to reside in; but the extreme poverty of the poor, and the poor day-labourers in particular, renders their villages, nay even their great towns, very filthy. The *fermiers genereaux* oppress them beyond conception, and they toil from morning till night, exposed to the inclemency of all weathers, and yet live a much more wretched life than
any

any of the African slaves, in our colonies, or in their own. But their lively disposition bears them through all with chearfulness, and they consider they are getting their own bread, while they are in fact toiling for wretches, who deserve not the name of men. The luxury in which the *fermiers genereaux* live in France is scarce credible! the poverty and dirt of the poor is equally as offensive. That good king Henry the fourth of France had used to say, he would wish to govern so, that every one of his meanest subjects might have a *poullard* in his pot on a Sunday.

L E T.

LETTER V.

St. Germain's, Jan. 30, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I live at St. Germain's, this memorable day has not produced in me so many *disagreeable* reflections, as perhaps it would have created in the mind of our *travelling* historian, had he been here; especially if he had indulged his melancholy with a solitary *sans-terre* on the Scotch walk near the *new chateau*, where lived and died the *gued auld keng*: such a footing would perhaps have created in him opposite reflections from those which arose when his impatient feet first trod the classic ground in old Rome; for I must own I often make some *serious reflections* when I pass this walk. How often, say I to myself, has the *religious* and *pious* king's feet covered the spot whereon I now stand!! how many

many *virtuous* schemes have been debated un-
these trees, to cut the throat of K. W. the
3d, and all his tribe of followers ! while me-
thought I heard the half-starved Tweedites
addressing his majesty as *Billy Drummond* of
Hawthorne Den had done upon a former oc-
casion.

“ Ah ! why should *Ifis* only see thee shine ?
“ Is not thy Forth as well as *Ifis* thine ?
“ Tho’ *Ifis* vaunt she hath more wealth in store,
“ Let it suffice, thy Forth doth love thee more.
“ Though she with beauty may compare with
“ *Seine*,
“ For swans and sea-nymphs with imperial
“ *Rhine*;
“ Yet in the title may be claim’d in thee,
“ Nor she, nor all the world, can match with
“ me.”

But to return, not absolutely, to another sub-
ject ; for it is to tell you, I dined the other
day at Paris with the English monks, who
still preserve above ground, in a small chapel
belonging to their convent, the body of king
James the 2d, and of his daughter. One of
the young monks always attends to shew
strangers

strangers the remains of the *old one*, to whom he gives, to all *good subjects* a little bit of velvet from the outside of the coffin, as an infallible cure for the itch and the *evil*; and most gentlemen who accept it make him some small pecuniary recompence; but to the ladies, I am told, he is more polite, as he generally *gives them* the velvet gratis. After dinner, I was invited to see two English young ladies renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, at the English convent called the Austin Nuns. The eldest of these girls is the sister to the Reverend Mother (for so the *prieure* of this order is called); she was about eighteen, the other something younger, and both seemed to have a sufficient share of bodily accomplishments, to intitle them to take a longer trial for worldly enjoyments. Upon entering the chapel of this religious house, we found one Wilkinson (the convent confessor) seated under the altar, and covered with a most gaudy embroidered mantle, the work of the nuns, where two young priests, belonging to the English seminary, stood one on each side of him. In a few minutes the lattice-gates or *jaloufés*, at which the nuns usually assemble to hear mass, were thrown quite open, and the young women

men full dressed in the extreme of the present mode appeared, moving slowly from the inner apartment up towards the altar, preceded and followed by a train of young ladies, and several female children, all bearing long wax lights, two of the least had large silken wings, and carried in a little basket a garland of artificial flowers, which were to adorn the brows of the new-initiated *religieuse*. In this manner the two novices, and their little guardian angels approaching the altar, were received by the priests with much solemnity, and seated one on each side, while a young Englishman preached a very good extempore sermon, pointing out to his *dear sisters* (for so he repeatedly called them) the many evils they were sure to escape by thus shutting themselves out from this world, and the certainty of an ample recompence in the next. The sermon being over, the ladies retired within the convent for a short time, in order to throw off the garments of the world, and to be covered with the first white vestment of their holy order, in which they soon appeared at the farther end of the inner apartment, moving very slowly up towards the *jalousee*, each bearing in her hand a small crucifix. Their
hair,

hair, which had been some hours that morning adjusting, was now dishevelled, and hung down to their waists, and thus embracing the crucifix, with their eyes cast up to heaven, they approached the *jalouffe*, where a carpet was already spread, and two cushions were laid, upon which they prostrated themselves upon their faces for near half an hour. This I presume was emblematical of their death and burial to the world. At length the eldest was raised from the lap of earth, and conducted to that of the reverend mother, her sister, by whom (falling before her on her knees) she was embraced; and who then proceeded to cut off part of her hair, and to cloath her in the complete habit of the sisterhood, which was composed of a number of articles, more like those I have seen my good friend *Mrs. Kennon* put about a young child, than such as to me seemed necessary for a person grown up to years of maturity, if not of judgment. During this tedious ceremony of dressing, father Wilkinson, who sat near the *jalouffe*, touched and blessed every garment before it was put on, which the reverend mother held to him, and received, sanctified by his hands, with the utmost

appearance of holy process. When the cloathing was finished being all white, a knotted cord for her zone was tied round her waste; she was then raised from her knees, and crowned by her little guardian angel, and stood before us with upcast eyes in a praying posture during the whole time her companion was undergoing the same ceremony and dress. When both were clothed, and had received the benediction of the priest, and joined in a few prayers, they went round the inner chapel to pay their obeisance to the sisters of the community, who were at prayers in their several stalls; by whom they were embraced, and congratulated upon their happy change of life.

As the eldest of these young ladies was tall and thin, her dress quite white, and no ways unbecoming; whatever father Wilkinson or her *reverend sister* might think of the matter, I must own, her *second* dress did not render her, in my eyes, a whit less proper for the affections of the world. Upon the whole, however, to those who could not perceive that this religious play was *acted* according to frequent *rehearsals*, and where the hearts of few of the actors seemed to be interested, it

would

would naturally produce many sensations much easier conceived than described: for though I was convinced how the matter really was; yet, like as at a play, I found myself often deeply interested for the parties.

But I must not omit telling you, that before the ceremony of nun-making began, a jolly English priest, who had invited me to see it, put his head through the convent grating, and sung lady Coventry's minuet to two young ladies, who danced to it so well, that I could not help thinking they looked as if they thought themselves on the *wrong* side of the hedge, and put me in mind of a *bon mot* of a young lady of my acquaintance, who being a pensioner at a convent, desired one of the nuns to set her right from a mistake she had made in her embroidery. The peevish sister refused her, and bid her wait till the mistress of that work was at leisure; adding, in a flirting manner, you are *got out*, sister, and you cannot *get in*! "It is true, replied the young lady; but it is still worse with you, sister: for you have *got in*, and you cannot *get out*." The next morning my friend took me to make a visit to the two young

E 2
nuns,

nuns, and I must own I found them with their garlands still upon their heads, and by their vivacity and conversation, they seemed perfectly happy. Sure I am, with us they were as merry as *Greeks*, and I could scarcely believe they were the same grave, demure-looking damsels I had seen the night before, with their heads in the lap of their sister the reverend mother. "But as this letter has run to an uncommon length, I shall defer till another occasion, what I have farther to say of the people of this place; and in the mean time I assure you, that I am always yours affectionately."

LET



L E T T E R VI.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is scarce an individual to be seen amongst the peasants of this kingdom who have any pretensions to beauty, and in general their countenances are disgustful; on the contrary, most of the people of fashion, while young, are handsome; * but their beauty is not so permanent as with us; and when they are old, scarce any traces of it are to be found. There is more human deformity to be seen in Paris in one day, than you meet with in London in a month. They seem to be quite ignorant of the proper method of nursing young children; or perhaps it may arise from poverty, as few women of the common sort can subsist at home, and they are frequently compelled to leave their

* A short round face is esteemed the most beautiful in France. The long, oval, *Madona* face, which we admire, is called, by the French, *la visage de mouton*.

children for the greatest part of a day together fastened into a cradle: and besides this, nature herself (if I may use the expression), seems less attentive to perfect her works in the human species here, than in any other country I have yet seen. Among many nations of the American Indians, I do not recollect ever to have seen one deformed person; and I believe what we call the Marks peculiar to *longing* women, such as hair-lips, *lobster hands*, claret, and the rest of those old womens conceits, are peculiar to the *European* ladies: for in France one continually meets with *outrè* in a superlative degree; and though red wine is in the possession, or easily come at, by the meanest of the poor, yet we meet with as many *claret-longing* mothers in France as in England! I am apt to suspect, if Dr. Brown was now living, we should find him put the matter of *longing* down amongst his vulgar errors. I would not deny that breeding women may long, or have a mind to particular things, for that is a fact; but the *marking* consequence of going without it is mere nonsense. It is confidently asserted here, that a woman, within a week of her time, went to see a man broke on the

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the wheel, and that day se'nnight produced a child, with a fracture upon every bone of the child which had been broke of the criminal's! This might have done two or three hundred years ago; but now philosophy and reason has cried most of these absurdities down. The truth is, when a child is born, the good women examine it; few children are without a mole, or some particular spot or blemish upon their skin. The next business is to determine *what it is like*; and when they have found out that a square mole is like a piece of bacon, and an oblong one like a mouse, the mother is informed therewith, she *then* recollects, that she did, in the course of *nine months*, see a piece of bacon and a mouse; of the first she could have wished to have eat, and the latter frightened her; but she was *ashamed* to *ask* for the one, or mention the other. No mother chuses to produce a monster, or a child that is not in all its limbs quite complete; so when a child's hand is like the claw of a lobster, or its lips divided like a hare's, the mother presently *furnishes* an *excuse*, and informs all her friends how much she longed for a lobster, or was frightened by a hare! but I have never yet heard what

the mark would be *before the child appeared*. Of the many thousands of young women who have proved unluckily with child, and *longed* to be married to their dear seducers, not one *girl* was ever yet marked with a church, or a common-prayer-book, nor even with a wedding-ring; though sometimes the boys, it must be allowed, do bear a small mark of their mother's longing. I hope this assertion will not offend your sisters, or bring down upon me the wrath of the teeming ladies; for I am convinced they ought to have what they long for, and that they may be ill without it. And besides, I would have given myself a guinea for a pint of strawberries at Christmas for the eating of a longing relation of my own. Indeed she was mistaken in one respect; for though she really *longed* for the strawberries, Dr. H—— found out, in the course of three or four months *touching*, that she was not with child. Now I am upon this subject, I must inform you, that few people of fashion here employ men-midwives. One who is a professor of this *mysterious art* told me with great warmth, and a round oath, that a Frenchwoman would sooner admit half a dozen men to her bed, than one at her labour; and indeed I think the
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the former much more natural, and consequently more excusable. Mademoiselle Byrone, now living at Paris, after having dissected a great number of female bodies, has made an artificial woman, with all the parts internal as well as external, which sets this matter in the clearest light. This most ingenious and sensible woman, has been strongly solicited to go to England, and there exhibit this wonderful figure, by which she shews the wisdom of never-erring nature, and the danger of modern *art* and instruments; but the empress of Russia having given her a thousand guineas for the first figure of this kind which she made, tho' much inferior to that which she now exhibits, I am afraid she will be content with that money, and the presents she daily receives for shewing the latter. The external form of this figure, which is something smaller than life, is made of wax; the breast is laid open, the lungs, the liver, gall-bladder, heart, intestines are all composed of materials so exactly resembling nature, that nothing can convince you to the contrary but touching them. She also shews you the womb, with the embryo, from the first conception, through every stage of pregnancy, to the

the minute of delivery; the situation of twins, and the birth; and though she is rather a young woman, her superiour understanding and good address, prevents a possibility of those who go with a disposition to laugh or be indecent, from putting their designs into execution; though I must own the French women are many of them, strangers to what we call delicacy. A fine young lady will talk of *une chaise percée* before men with as much indifference, as she would of her sedan chair. The French study what we call the *snugs* of life with great success, because they can put them into execution without being laughed at. Porters and shoe-blacks at Paris wear their muffs with the same *bonne grace* as a president of the parliament; and so does every smart coachman and footman, when they attend their masters. Luxury is carried to as great a length by the modern French, as it was by the old Romans. It is scarce possible to conceive in what voluptuousness the royal family, the princes of the blood, but above all, the *fermiers generaux*, live; but then it is those, and those alone, who can afford to live so. It is a sad country for the poor, who, amidst abundance of plenty, live wretchedly; the multitude

multitude are slaves to a few, and the poor are truly so. I do not mean the beggars; I mean the industrious and laborious peasants and *vinerons*, who slave and toil, both sexes alike, without scarce ever being able to purchase a good meal, or have a sixpence in their pockets. No nation under the sun is so much disliked by the French nation as the English; this dislike is concealed by the good breeding of the better sort; but the *petit monde* betray it upon most occasions. Nor is any religion so obnoxious to them as Protestantism, not even the Jewish. The women of fashion are libertines in their youth, and of course devotees in old age. So soon as they find themselves neglected by the men, their passions take another turn; and, like the enthusiastic Methodist, they fancy themselves in love with Jesus Christ. I can with truth affirm, that London is a virtuous city, compared with Paris. We have been made to believe the successes of the late war arose from the spirited resolves of a then private gentleman; but I fancy a great deal of it ought to be placed to the account of Madame Pompadour, a woman who reigned absolute in France for upwards of twenty years, over king, ministers, and
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parliaments; a woman, by whose sole authority justice was perverted, able generals recalled, and insufficient ones placed in their stead; for she not only appointed admirals who had never seen the sea, but the merchants, by bribing her creatures, got all their goods sent to their colonies in men of war, by which means their ships were in general so encumbered with merchandize on their gun-decks, that they were unable to make a proper use of their force; and what was still more in our favour, they were unable to procure sea officers of real abilities and knowledge in their profession to take commands, for THEY perceived neither honour or profit could arise. I have seen several letters wrote at that time by a very able sea-officer, lamenting the calamities which that woman brought upon this country, and declaring his resolution to live on a little, and in obscurity, rather than take the command of a ship, while he must receive his orders from an ignorant clerk of some office. To this woman's baseness England owes much of her late successes, and the corruption she introduced throughout this kingdom, will be felt for a long time. What else indeed could be expected

expected from a low-born woman, who forsook an affectionate husband, prostituted her person, renounced his name, and caused him who gave it her, and who loved her, to be banished! who had the effrontery to insist upon being made *dame d'honneur* to the woman whom she so publicly injured; an employment by which the queen could not have even a pair of ruffles without her permission; nay, not without asking her for them: all which the pious, good queen submitted to with a dignity scarce to be conceived. Is it to be wondered then that the marchioness of Pompadour always shewed a proper respect to the queen? This is what her friends extol her for! but surely her acting as *dame d'honneur*, or daring to appear even in the presence of the queen, was an act of the highest insolence, and a proof that she was a stranger to sentiment. Her personal attendance on the queen did not arise from humility; for in her own apartments she had only *one* chair, whereon she sat when she received company, and round which the ministers and princes of the blood were mean enough to stand, and pay their servile court! and he went away most happy, on whom she
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deigned the ofteneſt to ſmile, or ſpeak to graciously!! In ſhort, all royal favours were obtained through her means, and thoſe favours were granted to ſuch only; who could bribe their way through all her male and female domeſtics, till they could gain admittance in perſon, to lay the laſt offering upon her toilet. The late dauphin, to his immortal honour, was almoſt the only man in the kingdom who dared openly to ſhew an abhorrence to her conduct, and contempt to her perſon. Indeed he once ſo far forgot himſelf, and *her* too, as to give her a box on the ear, believing what ſhe really meant as attention, to be intended to inſult him. The caſe was related to me by one who was in a manner an eye-witneſs to the tranſaction. The marchionefs having, upon ſome particular occaſion, prepared, oppoſite to the king's and dauphin's apartment at Verſailles, a *ſeu de joy*, the dauphin cauſed all his windows to be ſhut up, in order to avoid partaking of any entertainment to which ſhe gave birth. Of this the king was informed, who gave immediate orders that the windows ſhould be all forthwith opened. The dauphin abſolutely forbid the ſervants to open them; but they, with all humility

military and respect, besought his permission to obey the positive commands of their master, as well as their sovereign: for you must know, that the dauphin of France has no servants of his own, but is attended by the king's. Upon which he acquiesced; but at the same time considered himself so much his own master, as to determine to leave the apartments till the *feu de joy* was over: but unluckily as he was passing from one side of the chateau to the other, he met the marchioness (who knowing nothing of what had happened) approached him with a smiling countenance, and presented to him a *bouquet*. This presentation, which was civilly meant by her, he construed into an insult, and his temper being previously ruffled, he so far forgot himself, as to take the *bouquet*, and return her *un soufflet*; for which he was banished the court, and actually imprisoned for a day or two, but obtained his liberty by asking her pardon. It cannot be wondered at, that a nation thus governed for twenty years should become exceedingly corrupt; and that all the women should imitate her manners, and covet the power of governing their families as the marchioness did
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the king and kingdom. In which they happily have succeeded; for the *female administration* has actually taken place on this side the water; nor is there any probability of a change: for while luxury prevails, and lewdness is countenanced; where trifles are esteemed, and the most important matters are held in contempt; while dancers and fiddlers get more in one day than an industrious labourer can in a whole year; where women marry with a view of sinning securely, and even under the sanction and countenance of their husbands; where the temples are polluted, and the clergy are in general the most profligate and abandoned; where boys are made bishops, and the few, very few, pious, good men of that order are rewarded with cures of three or four hundred livres a year. There is much internal danger to be apprehended at home; but none to be feared from their neighbours. So that notwithstanding what we see and hear about ships building in every port in France, levying of troops, reviews, &c. &c. this kingdom never was in a more contemptible condition in every respect than it is at this day. The king is now spending the revenues of 1772, and the subjects are deeply oppressed.

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All the revenues are farmed out to individuals; and those blood-suckers are thereby impowered to oppress the industrious poor in every manner they can contrive; so that, many of the poor who wish to keep a cow to support their children, durst not do it, for fear of being thought rich, and consequently higher taxed. What must be thought of a state, who tolerate and allow booths, theatres, coffee-houses, and all sorts of public spectacles, to be exhibited and opened during the whole night, and that too within the walls of the capital city! At this time there is a theatrical entertainment upon the *boulevards* at Paris, which is frequented by people of the first distinction, the doors of which are not opened till after twelve o'clock at night! The French people of fortune eat a slight dinner at mid-day; but the suppers of those who can afford it, are set off with every thing which can delight the eye, please the palate, and inflame the mind; no wonder then if there is but little virtue to be found amongst women who are locked up in a cloyster, and who converse with women only till they are fifteen, at which age they are brought forth, exhibited at these suppers, mixed with both

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sexes, and spend the remainder of the night in revelling and riot, either at their own houses, or at some public nocturnal rendezvous. The freedom and liberty which pass between the two sexes, and the open transactions of the most modest and decent women in France, would, I believe and hope, shock an English woman. To be admitted into a French lady's bedchamber before she is up, is as common as it is to see her afterwards; and if she chuses to shift herself while you are in the room, she will look upon you as very ill bred, if you do not assist her in putting her clean shift over her head. Nor will your presence deprive her from attending to the calls of nature, about which she will talk to you in as plain terms as Dr. Smollet: but this is custom, and the fashion of the country, and done by the most virtuous of the women.

Lewis the fourteenth (notwithstanding his boundless vanity, of which there are extant such an infinite number of monuments) was a very extraordinary man, and did more for this kingdom than perhaps ever was, or ever will be done, by any one king. There is an *aquæduct* at Maintenon, of upwards of thirty
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arches, built by him, which is a work worthy of a Roman emperor. That at Marli, so well known, and so often spoke of, is a child's plaything in comparison to this, each arch of which cost, of the present money, upwards of fifteen hundred thousand livres. The present king, Lewis the fifteenth, would have made a much better country gentleman with twenty thousand pounds a year, than a sovereign prince. He loves the diversions of a country life, and is at present totally indifferent about the intrigues of his own, or any other court. He seldom goes to Paris; but when he does, if he meets the hoste in procession, he gets out of his coach, and falls on *his knees* in the street, be it ever so dirty; but that is *all* he has had *to do with it* for these twenty years: an act which is certainly not only *very religious*, but *very politic*.

The French in general have very little turn for conversing with nature, and of course very few know how to assist her with a little art. A large town, fine cloaths, cards, assemblies and theatres, are the amusements of seven-eighths of the French, who have not their bread to get. I do not think there is a single instance of a Frenchman of fortune and fashion, who

lives the life of what we call a country gentleman. The most political and wisest public act that has been here done for many years, was the extirpation of the Jesuits; and yet this was not so much the effect of wisdom and forecast, as partial resentment.

Two very powerful and unexpected enemies rose suddenly against them. The duke de Choiseuil, the present MINISTER OF FRANCE, when he was *only* ambassador at Rome, had given that body great offence; they resented it so much, that he was recorded in their collegiate books as their mortal enemy, not only at Rome, but in France likewise. But this was not all; they had a still more powerful and more implacable female enemy, madame Pompadour. That lady (not being quite free from the fear of the devil) had been desirous, in order to deceive and carry some important point at court, to have the *unconsecrated* host administered to her, under all the solemnity and form of receiving the *real* sacrament; and this farce she was not permitted to act. * The

* The Jesuits would willingly have come into her measures, but they feared to do so, well knowing, that by the article of confession it would come to the knowledge of their enemies, which they then dreaded more than her displeasure.

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pious fathers, however, of the order of Jesus, were discovered to have occasioned this obstacle to madame Pompadour's finesse; and consequently brought down upon them the weighty resentment of an all-powerful female, who, as I said above, reigned absolutely over king, ministers, and *courtiers*. The late dauphin was a great friend to the church and churchmen; the Jesuits were his particular favourites, who well knew the great advantages that would arise to them in particular, and to the church in general, when that *event happened*, which perhaps they *secretly wished*. About this time, unluckily for them, but fortunately in the event, the king was assassinated by *Damiens*, who was repeatedly put to the most horrid tortures, and in the end to a death, the particulars of which are too shocking to relate: but though he could never be brought to own he had any accomplice, yet it is certain he earnestly and repeatedly desired to communicate something to the king himself; which the king, however, did not think proper, or was *advised* not to hearken to. Some people think he did not chuse to *know all* which *Damiens* might have in his power *to unfold*. Do not mistake me, and

suppose I mean any reflection on the late dauphin; it is far from my imagination. He was universally allowed to be a virtuous prince, but rather too much attached to the church and churchmen to make a great king. I am acquainted with a gentleman, whose son was one of the dauphin's equerries; this young gentleman attending him on a shooting party, was unfortunately shot in the shoulder by the dauphin, of which wound he languished some time, and died; but his father, mother, wife, and child, have all experienced in an high degree, how sensibly the dauphin was affected by this unhappy accident.—They have been loaded with honours and riches; nor would the dauphin ever after partake of that sort of diversion; and some people think this accident proved as fatal to the dauphin as to his equerry. What other men might do, or cause to be done, who wished to see the crown upon the head of the dauphin, it is impossible to say: for it is certain there is nothing so dreadful as fanaticism, and had the dauphin become king, all the courtiers would have commenced devotees! *Bartholomew Diaz* made a journey from *Neuremberg* to *Rome*,

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on purpose to assassinate his brother, and put him to death, out of a *pure love to God!!*

The assassination of the duke of Guise, of Henry the third, and fourth of France, and many others, are lamentable proofs of the rage of fanaticism; but the most horrid massacre which the Christian history produces, was committed upon all the Protestants of Paris on the eve of St. Bartholomew; at which scene of barbarity their king assisted, and shot many of the miserable wretches from his windows of the Louvre, as they were swimming over the *Seine*, in order to escape from the hands of their bloody persecutors. *Voltaire* says, that he was an eye-witness to the surprizing effect of some late pretended miracles wrought at Paris: that he could perceive how they were first warmed, and then heated into the most extravagant enthusiasms: their eyes, says he, were inflamed, their limbs trembled, and their fury disfigured their countenances: nothing can be a stronger proof how conscious the Roman Catholic clergy are of the superiority of the Protestant religion, than the pains they take to prevent their own people from reading the writings of Protestants, even on any subject; but above all, the high

offence it would give, were they to attend at the service of the ambassador's chapel. Though there are an infinite number of Parisians who have sense enough to wish to do so, yet they are afraid! for, exclusive of any religious consideration, where could those men, who are now studying the English tongue, go so well for improvement, as where they may hear our language read distinctly and emphatically, by a man of sense and learning; and, without any compliment to the present chaplain, or detraction from the late, that duty was never better performed than it now is by his excellency lord Rochford's chaplain, Mr. Fountain.

As transubstantiation and the belief of it is one of the most extraordinary articles of the Roman Catholic faith, it is the only one I ever put to the few sensible and candid men I have conversed with of that church, who say, they believe that the body of Christ is truly, really, and substantially present; but the manner of its being there is not after a corporeal manner, or as an extended body in its natural proportions and dimensions, but rather after the manner of a spirit, or sacramental presence; and so believe the body and blood

blood of Christ to be there as to its reality and substance, though the manner of its being there is not natural or corporeal ; and this they explicate from the words of St. Paul, who speaking of man's body, says, " It is sown a " natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." To say the truth, there is nothing so very alarming in the Roman Catholic religion to one who is a good Christian, when we hear their articles of faith expounded by men of sense and candour. It is the wickedness of their clergy, the ignorance and idolatrous behaviour in which they encourage the common laity ; the use and abuse which is made of auricular confession ; but above all, their persecuting disposition, which is so unchristian-like and offensive ; the certainty of receiving absolution, which the priests are directed and enjoined to give the common people without much difficulty for all petty crimes, renders the common people of France and all Roman-Catholic countries the most sharpening impudent cheats in the universe *. What is very singular

* A friend of mine, travelling in the Low Countries, observed the great caution his *Catholic postillion* took of the baggage for some days, and afterwards as much neglect ; but upon calling him to an account for his seeming negligence, he replied, There is no danger now, we are in a Protestant country !

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is, and I am assured it is so, that when they administer the sacrament to a sick, or dying penitent, if from the weakness of the sick person it does not stay upon the stomach, they compel them to swallow it again; but I fancy this is only done by the most ignorant priests, and to the most illiterate rabble. The priests to whom I have mentioned this matter, deny it absolutely; but a Catholic girl, my servant, assures me she has seen it practised!

However desirous a man may be to wear the crown of France, no wise man would wish to be in the situation of the heir apparent. — He knows not whom to trust, and it is equally dangerous to be loved or hated. Had the king unfortunately fell by the base hand of Damiens, madame Pompadour did not intend to have remained twenty-four hours after his death in this kingdom. She had been very careful to secure a *safe* retreat, and all the *necessary stores* for her retirement were deposited in several other principalities. The dauphin abhorred her, and all those who so meanly stooped to execute her artful intrigues; but had the king died, her retreat could not have been effected, the dauphin having given *private instructions*, in case of that

that event, to stop her on her flight. However, it is said and believed, she had a real affection for the king; he certainly had much for her; though their *original intimacy* had been dropped for many years*. The morning she died however, the king partook of his usual diversions in the field! Her brother, to whom she left her whole fortune (without even a legacy to her husband) now enjoys some of the most lucrative employments under the crown, and is esteemed one of the richest subjects in the French dominions. The king of France never takes any notice of his illegitimate children. The army has an infinite number of officers who know nothing of their families, and the females are put into convents; but this is a method practised by all the better sort of people of fashion. High-bred people here seldom observe the *matrimonial sacrament* after the birth of a son. When that business is secured, each party have their own coach, their own purse, servants, and kitchen, though they live in the same HOTEL!

* Some bodily infirmities is said to be the occasion.—Great care is now taken to prevent such female influence for the future; and I am well assured the *Basile* confines a great number of women, who were suspected of becoming too great favourites.

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When such distinctions as these are made between a man and his wife, it is natural to conclude, others of a more private nature are formed. A Frenchman fees his wife with her *Cicisbeo*, and the wife her husband gallanting an opera girl, with perfect indifference within doors, and great good manners without! When I dined with the countess De la Marck at Paris, below stairs, the count her husband had his company at dinner above!

I am, Dear Sir, yours, &c.

* Some bodily infirmities is said to be the occasion—
Great care is now taken to prevent such female influence
and I am well assured the opposite consequences
a great number of women, who were supposed of be-
coming too great favourites.

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LETTER VII.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR surprize that I have not once mentioned the execution of general Lally, which happened in a manner under my own eyes, is very natural ; but the bare information that he was executed, is a circumstance that you and all Europe were publicly acquainted with ; and people were so divided in opinion relative to his guilt or innocence, that I forbore mentioning him till I could pick up sufficient information whereon to found some just opinion. Besides, I became early acquainted with Mademoiselle D—n, sister to lord D—n, a near relation to the unfortunate general ; and as Lally had made her believe she would possess all his riches when he died, *her partial account* of his conduct in India, and treatment in France, could not be depended upon. What Lally's real conduct

duct was in India, I cannot say ; but I fear it was neither wise, humane, or justifiable, as you will see by a true copy of a letter written from thence, which I inclose. It is very certain, however, that notwithstanding Lally was repeatedly warned of the danger he was in, and frequently urged to make his escape, he treated that advice with the utmost disregard, such as a man, conscious of innocence, ought to shew ; though it is now generally supposed he was too closely watched to have effected an escape, had he attempted it ; for though he was in France, yet being an English prisoner, upon his parole, they could not confine him till the preliminaries of peace were signed. Lally said, that the duke de Choiseul desired him not to mention Monsieur Buffy in the memoirs he was going to publish, assuring him that Buffy had made no mention of him, in those which he had wrote ; but Lally replied, By G—d, I will. No, no, said the duke, say nothing about him, and come and dine with me. But Lally told him plainly, he would do neither the one nor the other, and so they parted. Buffy is related to the duke ; and besides, such language to an all-powerful first minister might create a

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resentment,

resentment, which even innocence would not be proof against. Be that as it may, the same day the peace was concluded, Lally was arrested, and put into the Bastile, and soon after tried before forty judges of the parliament of Paris; who, after many long examinations, condemned him to lose his head; in which sentence thirty-nine of his judges concurred, and *one* only dissented *. The reason he was tried by the parliament, and not by a martial court, is, that his guilt and conviction by the latter, would not have forfeited his effects, which was thought necessary to be employed, in relieving the unhappy inhabitants of that city, which they say he so shamefully gave up, and which he might have defended. Though it was not altogether for his military misconduct which he suffered: for he took the civil administration into his own hands, and erected gibbets and wheels, to terrify the magistrates and inhabitants to pay an implicit obedience to his will, as you will see by Monsieur De Leyrit's letter. It is absurd to suppose what the multitude here however believe, namely, that Lally sold Pondicherry to

* The judge who dissented is a man of a very suspicious character.

the English ; but yet, from a very well wrote MS. journal of his conduct there, which now lies before me, he seemed to have intangled himself in so many difficulties by his arbitrary conduct, and mal-administration, that he had no other way to *get out* but *through* the English army. A sensible candid Frenchman, with whom I am acquainted says, his confidence did not arise from conscious innocence, but a consciousness of the *weight* of his purse, and the friendship of Madame Pompadour and marshal Belleisle, who both died *mal à propos* for his affairs. Lally was a character often to be met with ; he had ready wit, but was void of solid sense and judgment. Such a man might easily think himself secure, tho' he was guilty. Great care was taken by his judges, and the officers of the Bastile, to prevent his suspecting so tragical an end, lest he should convey away privately his effects, which were known to be very considerable ; for he was always a *friend* to his purse. The day on which he was executed, the governor of the Bastile told him, he must attend one examination more at the *Conciergerie*. Lally, who knew they had finished that matter, and could not legally examine him again, exclaimed,—

claimed,—What can they want?—They have no further business with me. * As they went out of Lally's apartments, two sheriffs, unknown to Lally, who pretended business with the governor, accompanied them in the general's own coach to the *Conciergerie*, where they were no sooner arrived, than the poor man was conducted into the chapel, where he found a confessor, and was told he must prepare for immediate death! The sudden transport of so many passions rushing unexpectedly upon him, may very well plead some excuse for the rash, but indeed feeble attempt he then made upon his own life, with a small pencil he had concealed in his coat. Upon this, he was instantly secured from any farther attempt of that kind; his mouth was gagged, and instead of being conducted to the place of execution in his own coach, and suitable to the rank and station of life, in which he had moved, he was tumbled into the first cart they met with, and carried there-

* The Irish gentlemen in the service of France will never forgive the execution of Lally, and yet one of these gentlemen assured me, he heard Lally declare, If he thought he had one drop of Irish blood in his veins, he would let it out, could he tell where it lay; and as his *father only* was Irish, it is possible he *had none*.

on to the *Place Grave*, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and there beheaded *. If he died a sacrifice to intrigue or faction, his last minutes must have been very terrible on all accounts; for he had the additional mortification to find, from the applause of the populace, and the multitude of people through whom he passed, and to whom he was unable to speak, that they approved of his sentence, and rejoiced in his blood: An instance of cruelty that even butchers in England are incapable of expressing, when they see a criminal going to suffer. Thus fell Lally, a lieutenant-general in the French service, of Irish parents, but born in France, and in whose service he had often spilt some of his blood. The French allow he was a brave and able officer, and, before this fatal expedition, he was generally esteemed. I cannot help thinking there is a great similarity between B——'s fate and his; but I believe B—— was a much better man, and much less deserving death. B—— erected no wheels

* The ignominious manner in which Lally was executed ought not to be considered as a national reflection, but the partial resentment of the officer to whom the power of execution was intrusted, who seized the occasion of the gag and the cart, because he made an attempt to evade his sentence.

nor gibbets for others, nor exerted any arbitrary or oppressive power ; Lally, I fear, did both. After Lally was executed, his dead corpse did not escape a close and very indecent examination ; it was probed in search of jewels, &c. I cannot finish this subject without telling you an anecdote, known but to very few here, which is, that Lally, for fear of *the worst*, had, before his confinement, put a small casket into the hands of his cousin, Miss D—n, strictly injoining her to conceal it ; which casket it is supposed contained, in money and jewels, near the value of a hundred thousand pounds ; but when he was confined, and found that L—d D—n, her brother, was, on his account, arrived in France, Lally very wisely, but unfortunately in the event, directed her to deliver the casket to her brother, and gave his l—p some instructions how to proceed in case of his death. That injunction was very reluctantly complied with by Miss D—, and after Lally was executed, this impatient woman re-demanded the casket of her brother ; who very properly and prudently replied, he would open it, and fulfil the will of the deceased, which he doubted not to find therein. This resolution put

the woman out of all patience; and, without any regard to the respectable character of a nobleman, a brother, her own interest, common sense, or prudence, she wrote a hasty letter to the king, betrayed the confidence placed in her, and informed his majesty of this *valuable deposit*, known before only to them two, and in whose hands it was. L—D—n was forthwith called upon to deliver up the casket, and immediately to quit the kingdom; with both which injunctions he complied. The simple sister vainly flattering herself that the king would reward her with the casket for *her honesty*: it is certain she could not expect it for her wisdom. The only reward she had, however, was a half-finished house, which Lally had bought at *Carriere*, a neighbouring village to this town, which she will never be able to finish, and if she was, it would serve only as a constant *memento* of her folly.

The king, in all probability, never saw or knew what were the contents of the casket, as the minister, *no doubt*, sent it immediately to be divided amongst the poor sufferers of Pondicherry. In justice, however, to Lally, it ought to be observed, that the inferior of-
ficers

ficers sent with him upon that expedition were in general the refuse and scum of the army at home, composed of men of all nations, who served for bread, and who were no ways interested in the success of the war. I knew one of those officers, he was an Englishman, of good family in Oxfordshire; but he was a most egregious fop, and a much better fiddler than a soldier; and who was *hastened* out of England to avoid *what he merited*, for his faithless behaviour to a very fine woman; she was a relation of mine: but as she is now well married, and he dead, I will say no more on that subject.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

Copiè de la Lettre de Monsieur de LEYRIT
à Monf. le Contrôleur general.

“ Monseigneur,

“ L’etat de ma santé ne me permet pas d’al-
“ ler avec le conseil de Pondicherry, vous
“ présenter le mémoire que vous nous avez
“ demandé. L’abondance de la matiere, l’ordre
“ des faits, la multiplicité des preuves, ne

“ nous ont pas laissés les maitres de le ra-
“ courcir autant que nous l'eussions désirés.
“ Ce n'est pour tant qu'un précis du tableau
“ qui nous reste a faire. Nous esperons que
“ le précis suffira pour ne pas vous laisser
“ douter de quel coté se trouvent la justice et
“ la verité.

“ Vous y verrés, Monseigneur, à quel point
“ le conseil et la malheureuse colonie de l'Inde
“ ont été érasés depuis le commencement
“ jusqu'a la fin sous l'autorite d'un maitre des-
“ potique, ou plutot d'un tyran, qui n'a ja-
“ mais connu les règles de la prudence, de
“ l'honneur, ne même de l'humanité.

“ Vous y verres la sage conduite, et la par-
“ faite soumission d'un conseil qui au milieu
“ des opprobres, des gibets, et des roües dont
“ on le menacoit sans cesse, à soutenu jusqu'a
“ la fin le caractere du vrai patriotisme
“ et à sacrifier volontairement jusqu'au dernier
“ de ses effets pour le salut commun quoy
“ quit fut certain par l'experience de l'abus
“ indigne qu'on en feroit.

“ Vous y verrés que le conseil fut dépouillé
“ des le moment de l'arrivée de Mr. de Lally,
“ de toute autorité : que Mr. de Lally seul à
“ toujours ordonné, et disposé de tout, et que
“ le

“ le conceil n'a pu qu'obeir dans les points
“ même qu'il désaprouvoit : que Mr. de
“ Lally est seul comptable de toute la régie,
“ et administration, tant de l'interieur que de
“ l'exterieur de la compagnie, puis que rien
“ n'a été réglé, dépensé que par son ordre.

“ Qu'il est comptable de tous les revenues,
“ des terres et des possessions de la compagnie
“ puis qu'au mois d'Octobre, 1758. Cinq
“ mois après son arrivée, il a cassé, annullé,
“ la regie du conseil pour affermer les terres
“ à deux particuliers aux qu'ils il a défendu par
“ écrit de donner une obole ni au conceil, ni
“ à moy dans le temps ou il affectoit de nous
“ charger de la provisionement de Pondicherry,
“ qu'il est également comptable des effets
“ du magasin puis qu'il a fait une parçille
“ défence à celui qui en étoit chargé pour
“ que désormais il ne livrât rien sur les
“ tillets que j'avois été jusques la dans l'usage
“ de donne.

“ Qu'il est comptable des contributions et
“ revenues du Thyagar, du royaume d'Arcate
“ et provinces qui en dépendent, puis qu'il
“ les régissoit sous le nom d'un prince noir,
“ et qu'il en recevoit l'argent.

“ Qu’il est comptable des taxes enormes
“ qu’il a imposé sur les noirs et sur les Euro-
“ péens, et dont tout le produit luy a été
“ remis.

“ Qu’il est comptable à ses propres fermiers
“ du prix de leur bail, puis qu’après avoir
“ tiré d’eux tout ce qu’il a pu, il les a de sa
“ seule autorité depouillés de la ferme au
“ moment ou ils alloient faire voiturer à Pon-
“ dichery les grains qu’ils avoient destinés à
“ son approvisionnement, et il les en a depou-
“ illés pour la confier à un noir qu’il avoit
“ depuis peu sauvé de la cord à prix d’argent,
“ et par qui il a fait vendre les provisions d’on
“ dépendoit notre salut.

“ Qu’il est comptable de la perte de Pon-
“ dichery puis quil n’a été rendu que faute de
“ vivres, et que luy seul avoit en main les
“ moyens qui pouvoient en procurer, sçavoir,
“ l’argent pour en acheter, les fruits des
“ terres, le produit des recottes, et les troupes
“ pour les protéger.

“ Qu’il en est encore comptable pour
“ n’avoir pas voulu se servir des moyens
“ qu’il a eu, même après le Blocus commencé
“ pour réparer la faute de n’avoir pas muni la
“ ville dans un temps plus convenable.

“ Qu’il

“ Qu’il est en outre non recevable dans
“ les accusations qu’il ose dit-on, former, et
“ qu’il doit être regardé sur le pied d’un
“ homme mort civilement, quant à faire en
“ justice tout autre personnage que celui de
“ coupable, puis qu’il en est venu jusqu’à su-
“ borner de faux témoins pour pouvoir at-
“ taquer ceux dont il craignoit les plaintes, ou
“ les dépositions contre luy.

“ Vous ne trouverez pas, Monseigneur,
“ dans nôtre mémoire l’état de toutes les
“ sommes qu’il a fait passer en Europe par
“ la voye des Danois, Hollandois, et An-
“ glois même : cela s’écartera par la suite :
“ mais nous nous sommes faits une loy de
“ n’insérer icy que les faits dont nous avons
“ en main la preuve sans réplique.

“ Nous n’avons point traités non plus
“ ce qui concerne la partie militaire ; elle nous
“ eut jetté dans un trop long détail et nous
“ pensons d’ailleurs que les officiers supérieurs
“ qui ont été, ainsi que les troupes, les té-
“ moins, et les victimes des manœuvres, et
“ de l’incapacité de Mr. de Lally, n’auront
“ pas manqué d’en rendre compte. Nous
“ nous réservons cependant de fournir un
“ tableau purement historique de ses opéra-
“ tions

“ tions en le genre en laissant aux gens du
“ métier la charge d'en juger.

“ J'aurai seulement l'honneur de vous ob-
“ server, Monseigneur, qu'il y a 9 articles
“ capitaux qui prouvent quelque chose de
“ plus que l'incapacité: scavoir,

“ 1. La campagne de Tanjaor colorée du
“ motif qui convenoit le moins à l'intéret et
“ à la dignité de la nation; mais qui favo-
“ risoit le But de Mr. Lally à l'effect de s'apro-
“ priier impunément la plus grande partie de
“ l'argent qu'il comptoit en retirer, et en fin
“ sa fuite honteuse également funeste à l'ho-
“ neur, et aux interets de la nation.

“ 2. Son refus obstiné de prendre les me-
“ sures et les précautions convenables pour
“ assurer le succès du siège de Madras, malgré
“ tous les avis, et les représentations de ceux
“ qui estoient en droit de luy en faire, et sa
“ conduite pendant tout le siège.

“ 3. La séparation de ses forces qui rendit
“ le courage aux Anglois, les mit en état de
“ tenir devant nous la campagne, et de venir
“ nous attaquer durant le siège de Vandavachy,
“ avec une sorte d'egalité qui leur assura
“ l'avantage par les mauvaises manœuvres de
“ Mr. de Lally.

“ 4.

“ 4. L'abandon qu'il fit de presque tout
“ le pays apres cette bataille, en disperfant
“ ses troupes comme s'il n'eut eté question que
“ de leur assigner des quartiers.

“ 5. L'affectation de laisser toutes les places
“ frontieres sans des munitions suffisantes soit
“ de guerre, soit de bouche, et avec de foibles
“ garnilons comme s'il n'avoit voulu que
“ finir la tragedie au plus vite.

“ 6. La négligence affectée de faire entrer
“ des vivres dans Pondicherry lors qu'on luy
“ en faisoit les instances les plus vives, qu'il en
“ avoit les moyens, et qu'il faisoit le faux
“ semblant de vouloir s'en servir.

“ 7. Le refus de se servir utilement de l'ar-
“ mée du Maïssour, l'imprudence de la garder
“ oiseusement sur les glacis pour consommer
“ le reste de nos vivres, et ses procédés pour
“ la dégouter.

“ 8. Le même refus de tous les expédiens,
“ manœuvres, conceils qu'on luy donnoit
“ sans cesse pour sauver la place.

“ 9. Le projet formé de la remettre à la dis-
“ crétion de l'ennemie le annoncé par escrit de
“ sa main long temps avant qu'il fut question
“ de penser à capituler, et consommé par luy
“ seul sans la participation du conseil.

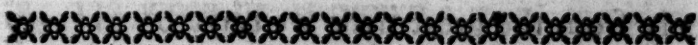
“ Ce

“ Ce n'est point, Monseigneur, le désir de
“ venger nos injures, et nôtre ruine personnelle
“ qui nous anime dans le tableau que nous
“ prenons la liberté de vous offrir, c'est la
“ force de la verité, c'est le sentiment pur
“ de nos consciences, c'est le cry général et
“ les plaintes de tant de malheureuses familles
“ qui vous demandent par nôtre voix justice
“ de Mr. de Lally qui s'abreuve impunément
“ de leur sang et de leurs l'armes, et qui
“ triomphe de leur ruine à la face de tout le
“ royaume qui crie vengeance contre luy.

“ Je suis, &c.”

Note, The above letter being hastily copied,
you are desired to correct the errors, as I am
not ashamed to own I am but a very *indifferent*
Frenchman.

LET-



LETTER VIII.

St. Germain's,

DEAR SIR,

AMong the multitude of things wherein the English nation greatly surpasses the French, none is of more importance than that of our navy, and the infinite superiority we have ever had over them in this essential particular. It may perhaps be worth while to inquire why we have had, and why we are so likely to continue this pre-eminence. The French are certainly brave, and their officers are never known to be *tardy*. It is honour, not bread, that stimulates them. A captain of a troop of horse has not above sixty pounds a year for himself and horses; and the pay of a cornet is only forty livres a month, about thirty-six shillings!

I ta-

I attribute, in a great measure, the goodness and number of our seamen to arise not only from the great trade we carry on to every part of the globe, but also to our being the inhabitants of a spot compleatly encompassed by the sea, and affording such an infinite number of harbours, rivers, creeks, bays, &c. The bare sight of the sea is an object that every boy born in England becomes desirous to see before he arrives at twelve years of age; even those of the most inland parts; and every one who lives actually on or near the coast, is sure, upon every holiday, Sunday, &c. to make the water-side, paddling in boats, or climbing to the mast-head of vessels in the harbour, a principal part of his amusement. Such feats as these being acquired, a wish to go farther, and even take a voyage becomes natural. The dislike he has at home to feeding of hogs, and the drudgery of the lowest offices of husbandry, induce him to wish to *seek his fortune* at sea. On the other hand, the French have but very little sea-coast, in comparison with ours; and it is almost impossible for a peasant boy, who is born six leagues from the sea, ever to see it for his diversion. The ignorance in which he is bred up,

up, divests him of even the capacity to wish for any thing but provisions when he is hungry; and when he is grown a man, the idea of going to sea is terrible to him; in war time, he dreads nothing so much (not even death) as a billet being put over his door, to summon him on board a fleet. Nothing can reconcile men to a sea life but engaging in it very young. I knew a gentleman in England, who was not afraid to defend himself against two sturdy beggars who attacked him on the highway, whom I could not prevail upon to go down to the sea-beach with me on the coast of Suffolk, when it blew a hard gale of wind, and a high surf ran upon the beach! He was sensible that there was no real danger, and yet it created in him such a disagreeable sensation, that no argument of mine, nor his own reason, could overcome it. If the outcry we are so continually making in England against the increase of popery among us could any ways tend to open the eyes of our *Catholic* neighbours, perhaps we had better say nothing about it, and of the two evils chuse the least. I know not certainly whether it gains ground in England; but I am confident it loses ground very essentially here

here every day, and will certainly end in a total reformation; than which, nothing may prove more fatal, in a political sense, to the English nation. It is the superstition, the ignorance, the great number of holidays, and the poverty in consequence thereof, that perhaps tend as much to the preservation of England, as the superiority of our fleets; which will ever remain so, till the French find out that land officers are as unfit to command single ships, or conduct sea-fights, as their *land-seamen*, if I may use the expression, are of sustaining them. A French man of war carries a pilot, and a great number of captains, lieutenants, and inferior officers; but there is too much equality in the rank and command. A circumstance, however trifling it may appear to some, is of very bad consequence; and though perhaps the contrary practice may be carried by a few individuals in our service rather too far, it had better be so, than as it is with the French. Now I am upon this subject, I cannot help pointing out a great absurdity (as it appears to me) always practised in the English navy; and perhaps, though it may be well known to every discerning sea-officer, yet it may come better from me
(who

(who so long served on board the fleet in an amphibious capacity) than from any admiral, or even sea-officer. What I mean is, the admiral, who commands a large fleet, and whose flag is generally on board a capital ship, bearing down and engaging the admiral's ship of the enemy during a general action, by which means his own ship is so incumbered with smoak, and the confusion that the best-conducted action unavoidably creates, that he cannot possibly see what the other ships of his own fleet, or the enemies are about ; nor can any of his ships see distinctly, and frequently not at all, the signals which he throws out. In short, an admiral closely engaged with an enemy's single ship may be rendered as unable to give an account, as to form a proper judgment of the manœuvres of the fleet under his command, or the enemy he engages, as the first lord of the admiralty at the Horse-Guards. It is certainly necessary for the admiral's flag, and the admiral too, to be on board a capital ship ; but, previous to an action, cannot an admiral shift his flag or his person into a small frigate, and keep that frigate so situated as to be out of all action, and even smoak, from whence all his signals

H

may

may be thrown out distinctly, and clearly perceived by those who are to obey them? I know it may be said, that the enemy will soon discover where the admiral is, and attack him; but every ship under his own command knows that too; and knows also that it is his first duty to go down to their admiral's protection. What I say here is with due deference: perhaps many good reasons may be given against this practice; but as I have often mentioned this matter to gentlemen in the sea-service without having it objected to, I would willingly put some body to it. An admiral who is ever so brave, or ever so sensible of the propriety of such a step, would be afraid to take it, for fear of being hooted at by the ignorant multitude! I would not therefore have it left to the will of the admiral to detach himself from a general engagement; but if it should be thought quite proper, that it should be a part of his instructions, or the positive command of the king, or the lords of the admiralty. Does any experienced able general, at the head of an army, bury himself in the first fury of a general engagement on land? Certainly no; but places himself where he can see, and from whence
he

he can send his orders in consequence of the various and unforeseen events that every quarter of an hour may occasion; yet an admiral is *nobody*, unless he makes himself deaf and blind, by engaging yard-arm and yard-arm, till half his men are knocked on the head, while he, as admiral, is become quite useless; for the captain, perhaps, as to the mere fighting a single ship, might do it better than he. "*But as for these my remarks, I am*" "*afraid you will think them too superficial*" and capricious to belong to any other person but

"Your humble servant."

he can send his orders in contempt of the
various and unbroken events that every day



is woven, which he makes himself feel and
find, by engaging his mind and hand

LETTER IX.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is some truth in what Smollet
observes, where he says, "There are
"undoubtedly many marks of relaxation in
"the reins of the French government." He
might have gone farther, and have said, there
are very few marks of any permanent govern-
ment at all! The king and his parliament
have long played very seriously at cross pur-
poses; the parliament of Rouen actually
hanged the man (though vested with royal au-
thority) who posted up the king's edicts in that
city! The archbishop of Paris, and the whole
body of the clergy, are in open war with the
parliament of Paris, and scarce a week passes
that hostilities are not committed! The par-
liament are continually banishing out of the
city one or other of the inferior clergy, for
obeying

obeying the orders of their diocesan, and conforming to the rules of the church. Philosophy advances rapidly on this side the water, and tramples down a multitude of vulgar errors; nor is it in the power of the clergy, who are indefatigable in checking the progress of it, to turn the tide, which they perceive is rushing in upon them, and so likely to overflow their best freeholds.

It is the very young, the very old, and the illiterate rabble, that are cajoled out of their reason, and frequently their property, by the artifice and hypocrisy of knavish priests.—For, as lord Bolingbroke observes, “The plain truth will influence half a score men in a nation, or an age, while mystery leads millions by the nose.” An honest old Frenchman told me, the other day, that in his youth he was so biggoted, that he wished often to sheath his sword in the body of Protestants, whom he had observed to sneer at and deride the *religious* processions when they passed through the public streets; and that it was a very alarming sermon which he heard preached by a celebrated monk in Flanders, that first disposed him to begin to THINK FOR HIMSELF. I am at a loss to know how,

with decency and reverence to the subject, to tell you the most extraordinary part of the monk's sermon; but he actually assured the congregation, that a certain number of ribbands were formed round the head and limbs of our Saviour, while in the womb of the virgin, in order that the delivery might be effected without any person defiling her body by touching it during the birth!! That sermon, however, was preached forty-seven years ago; few congregations in France at this day would patiently hearken to such indecent ribaldry from a pulpit; yet it is inconceivable to observe in what a manner the bigotted part of this nation are imposed upon by priestcraft; and with what aversion and abhorrence the clergy affect to hold all those who seem to be slack members of their community. One Naughton, an Irishman, of some parts, whose whole income does not amount to above five hundred livres a year, lives in this town as well as any man of five thousand, and has every convenience and comfort of life about him in proportion to such an income. He has wheedled himself into the good graces of a parcel of old female proselytes of his own making, and devotees of this nation, to whom

he

he is confessor, and they give up to him the good things of *this life*, for the spiritual rewards he promises them in *the next*; and to avoid having any thing to do with people in a very *low* condition, he affects being the most severe and difficult confessor in the town: by this means all the *petit monde* shun him as their confessor, but respect him *for his piety*. This man prevailed upon two Scotch girls, who lived here with their mother, lady Cameron, upon a pension given her by the king of two thousand livres a year, to become Catholics, and when he found that their poor old mother was proof against his artifice, as well as her undutiful daughters, who had been encouraged to treat her with the contempt *due to an heretic*; the base girls, instigated by this priest and the devil, exhibited charges against their good and highly-injured mother to the late marshal de Noailles, and thereby got her pension withdrawn, and given to them, and they were forthwith taken from the mother, and placed in a convent; but the mother at length found means to convince the good old marshal, that he had been imposed upon, and that *she* was the injured person. Upon which the marshal restored her pension

to her, and ordered the wretches her children again under her direction and care; enjoining her, however, never to mention any thing to them on the subject of religion. The poor afflicted old woman conformed strictly to her engagement, for the little time she lived; but the sorrow of losing the affection of her children, in her old age, and in a strange land, proved more than she could support; she died before she had received one payment of her recovered bounty. Till this story came to my knowledge, I often conversed with this *same abbé*; but I never see him now without feeling an abhorrence to his person and character; and I really do not believe any French priest would have engaged in such a scene of iniquity. It was not religion, but pride, that actuated him, who could not bear to think a poor old woman, forsaken and insulted by her own children, without friends, bereft of her fortune, and in a strange country, should exhibit, in the face of a whole town, such a striking proof of the superiority of the religion in which she had been bred, over that to which he and her unnatural daughters had endeavoured to seduce her. One of her devilish daughters is still living here. You must
know,

know, that no priest or ecclesiastic, who does not belong to the king's household, or chapel, is ever admitted even within the *arena* of the palace of Versailles, or any place where the king resides, unless they produce a written permission, under the hand of the captain of the guard, while all other people go in and out *ad libitum*. But I must give you a contrast to Monsieur l'abbé Naughton, in that of his countryman, one *Evering*, rector of the royal hospital in this town. This man, with a great deal of that brogue and manner which we call *roppish*, is a man of a most amiable character. He is, I dare say, very sincere in his own faith; but very reasonable and modest with respect to others. When the functions of his chapel do not employ him in the service of God, he is sure to be found in the service of man; and I could tell you many stories of him, which would do honour to *Parson Adams*. His behaviour has been very different from the only countryman of my own whom I have met with in this kingdom, who invited himself to dine with me, borrowed my money, and took his leave by solemnly assuring me and my family, that we were all inevitably damned! This worthy gentleman too is a *curé*. No-
thing

stronger

thing is a ^ostranger mark of the weakness of the Catholic cause, than their presumption in daring to pronounce a sentence so contrary to the attributes of an Almighty and Merciful God. They find themselves under a necessity to frighten people into compliance, from being sensible they have no arguments which can prevail with men of common sense. I should think the best means towards the total abolition of popery from our country would be, to have a few chapels publicly authorized, where they should be obliged to perform the service openly; and exhibit on their holy and saints days all the pictures, dolls, and mummery, which they do here, and make the same public processions with the host through the streets; I am confident such a kind of toleration, under such injunctions, is the best way to keep the Catholic religion at the low ebb it now is, in all parts of Europe, except at Rome and in Portugal. I do not wonder at the king's forbidding the entrance of priests into his palace. I am found fault with for *daubing* him; but yet I must daub him again, and tell you a story. The late count *Charo-*
lois, a prince of the blood; among many extravagant things which he did, had more
than

than once committed murder, and in consequence of his high birth and consanguinity, he obtained the pardon of the regency, during the king's minority. After the king took the reins of government into his own hands, the count wantonly shot a poor tyler, who was at work upon the top of a house! and when he applied for the king's grace for this murder, ^{the king} replied, "My lord, I will grant
 " my grace for two murders; for I not only
 " pardon you, but I will pardon also him who
 " shoots you." The count committed ~~no~~ more murders.

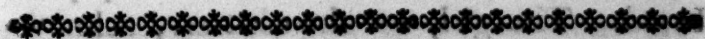
This same count passing along the streets of Paris in his coach, one of his footmen from behind gave an English gentleman a blow with his *flambeau*. The gentleman drew his sword, and following the coach, pricked the footman's legs in several places. His screams alarmed the prince, who stopped to know the cause; and being informed, he got out, and asked the Englishman what he meant? And at the same time told him, he was *count Charolois*. Are you? said the Englishman; then *pied ferme*; and immediately advanced with his sword upon the prince, in a posture of defence; who then inquired *with*
temper

temper into the cause of the footman's wounds ; and being informed by the Englishman, he ordered the servant down from behind, and desired the gentleman to kill him, or give him whatever correction he thought proper, before he dismissed him from his service. However this *politesse* came perhaps from the *firmness* with which the two French words were spoken ; for as the lady, mentioned by Mr. Sharp, said, in Italy, to a Frenchman, " *I know you despise every nation under the sun,*
 " *except the English, and them you hate ; but*
 " *you would despise them if you could ;*"

I am, dear Sir, &c.

LETTER

dishonest. The baker, however, insisted upon it, that the lady should have some money for



legged that the money of her mistress, and which she had previously paid

LETTER X.

fact to fact. I was rather disposed to believe the lady, and the minister, who was

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THE most sensible and discerning Frenchmen, with whom I have conversed, seem to lay more stress than is just on the temporal advantages which they say arise to the state, as well as to individuals, relative to the practice of auricular confession. Regular families insist upon their servants attending that duty punctually. What then? the confessor *dares not betray the secrets of his penitent*, unless he can get something very considerable by it; for though your servant has just confessed that he has defrauded or robbed you, the confessor is bound by the laws of the church to say, if he be asked, that he is an honest faithful servant. I pay my tradesmen every week, through the hands of a French female servant, and one whom I had no reason to believe was dishonest.

dishonest. The baker, however, insisted upon it, that she had with-held three weeks pay for bread. The girl, on the contrary, acknowledged that she received the money of her mistress, and declared she had punctually paid it to the baker. Upon bringing the parties face to face, I was rather disposed to believe the girl guilty; and her mistress, who was unwilling to think so unfavourably of her, advised her to go to confession, and bring a certificate of her innocence. The girl went, and here follows the only certificate her confessor would give:

Ego infra scriptus testor audivisse confessionem sacramentum Mariæ Annæ Singeres undecima mensis Januarii anni Millesimi septingentesimi sexagesimi septimi.

F. Cestelinus Noirot.

Though the above certificate, her tears, and her unwillingness to shew it me, was no great proof of her innocence; yet I turned it to a good use; I sent it to the baker, and informed him, that I was *bound* to believe the girl *innocent* till the baker had *been, and done so likewise*; but I have heard nothing of the baker since. The truth is, the servants are so

very

very ignorant in general, and so easily obtain absolution, that the Catholic religion promotes and encourages vice, as is evident from the general dishonesty of all the lower class of people. Smollet's observations are extremely just, when he remarks, that it is no great matter what crimes are committed, so the forms of the church are observed. Eating *gras* on a Friday is a more deadly sin than whoring, cheating, and lying. A very sensible French lady, of the Catholic religion, observed to me, that one of the great mischiefs of auricular confession is, when *very young girls* make their confession to *very young priests*. The girl, for instance, confesses, perhaps, that she was betrayed and seduced by her lover; she means to say no more, to repent, and to obtain absolution: but this will not do; the *young priest* will know *when*, and *where*; how *often* they met, and put a thousand unexpected questions, with a face *as grave as a man-midwife*, to which the girl is obliged to answer: *the naked truth* must come out *before they part*. Nor is this all; if the priest be wicked and wanton (and it is a thousand to one but he is both) he makes known to his female penitent a multitude

tude of vices, to which she before was perhaps a stranger. You know the song,

A lovely lass to a friar came,
To confess in the morning early.

There are no men so abandoned, with respect to women, as popish priests in general. Their secrecy, their supposed celibacy, and their great knowledge *very early* in life how apt weak women are to go *astray*, are so many stronger temptations to them, than young men among the laity can have. Yet the young laity are wicked enough; we have had lately, in this town, a recent instance of it. A young officer, who served in the French infantry with much reputation during the late war, being REFORMED in his military capacity, proved much otherwise in his private manners. He came here to live with his father and family; but his half-pay being not above three hundred livres per annum, would not support him according to his desire. His riotous and undutiful behaviour, in short, was such, that his father and he had frequent squabbles, which at length came to blows; for he not only beat, but attempted the life of his father; who thereupon complained to the duke

duke de Noailles, governor of the town. Upon which the young man was arrested, and taken away; where, no one can say; but every body seems to agree, that he will be seen no more; and that he is shut up for life, without fire, candle, books, or any sustenance but bread and water. This is the fate of French bucks and bloods: they have no cards sent to "*desire them not to be at the pains of correcting their fellow-citizens.*"

The parish-church of this town being too little for the inhabitants, a new one is now building; and we had in November, last a very extraordinary ceremony observed, in laying the foundation-stone, which was performed by the governor of the town. The king himself was to have laid it; but it was thought it would be attended with too much expence: however, his music, guards, &c. made a great part of the procession.

One gold, two silver, and three copper medals were deposited under the stone, and a great number of gold and silver medals were given away. Being a stranger, and a *Protestant*, I had one of the latter; it is admirably cut, and the profile is very like the king. It is

is not quite so large as an English crown.
Round the head is the following legend,

Lud. XIV. Rex.

Christianiss.

On the reverse,

Pietas Augusta novi sancti

Germani Templi Primum.

Lapidem Posuit.

Anno MDCCLXXVI.

But I am impatient to see the first stone removed, that was laid at the building of the old church, which is soon to be pulled down. There were medals deposited under it, and they know exactly which is the stone.

"What farther *I have to say, you shall*
"know in good time, at present *I have nothing*
"to add, but what you very well know, that I
"am always your

"Affectionate humble servant,"

P. S. Having mentioned above that priests never reveal the confession of their penitents, I must give you an instance to the contrary, that was not the effect of wickedness, but weakness;

weakness; though it might have happened to a sensible man, off his guard. The case was this: A priest, in a mixed company where the conversation ran upon the subject of confession, said, that he had been particularly unlucky; for besides having heard the confession of several murderers, the first person that came to confess to him after his ordination, was a beautiful young lady, who had been married but a few days, and who confessed the guilt of adultery. It was impossible for any of the company to conceive, from this general declaration, who the lady was; but unfortunately, some years afterwards, this *same priest*, and one of the *same company* to whom he had related the above circumstance, were walking together in the *Luxembourg* gardens. The priest happening at that time to pay his compliments to a very fine woman, whom they there met, his companion, when they joined again, asked him who the lady was that he had just spoke to? He very innocently told her name, and very inconsiderately added, *she is the first person from whom I ever heard confession!* Is she, replied the other? Then she was guilty of adultery within three days after her marriage to the count her husband!



L E T T E R XI.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

IT has been often observed, that no nation is so addicted to travelling as the English; the fact is so; but those who impute it to their having a stronger propensity to travel than the French, or many other nations, are mistaken. It is their FREEDOM and their fortunes which enable them to gratify their curiosity. If you do not see Frenchmen in England, in numbers like Englishmen in France, we must not impute it to want of desire, but to the expence which attends it, and the very great difficulty they find in obtaining the king's leave, without which they cannot travel. All the Frenchmen of fashion have the strongest desire of travelling, and in particular of seeing England, the place of all others in Europe which the king is most unwilling they should see.

Count

Count Lauregois had never seen the inside of the Bastile, had he never visited England! His love for English horses, English laws, and his connections with Englishmen, rendered him obnoxious at court.

When he returned last from England, the king asked him what he had been there for? The count replied, "*Pour apprendre le penser!*" to learn to think. The king very sweetly, but very shortly also, said *a chevaux je crois*, alluding to the count's fondness for horses! *penser* signifying not only the art of thinking, but of dressing horses likewise.

No man of fashion can leave France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Prussia, Sweden, or any of the principalities upon the continent, without the express leave of their sovereign; and those only perhaps can obtain it, who have the strongest inducements to stay at home. The French nation are, perhaps, of all others, the most curious, I will not say inquisitive, because Smollet says so.

I heard a French nobleman at the hunt ask a friend of mind, when he proposed going to England? He replied, Very soon. Ay, said the other (accompanied with a look very expressive of his will) I wish I could go with

you; but I am afraid the king will not permit me: and yet I saw the king, the same morning, talking very familiarly with that nobleman; and even playing with him!

It is not here, as in England, where a man can say, I will go there, or stay here! That sort of liberty is a blessing peculiar to the natives of Britain. It is there, and there alone, that men may speak as they think. While this nation are struggling to obtain such a blessing, ours (to the eternal infamy of that m——y, who, thank God, no longer exist) were endeavouring to lay it under the wreck of despotism. I would not have it thought I squint at that virtuous and never-to-be-forgotten ministry of ONE YEAR AND THREE DAYS, in which the marquis of Rockingham convinced us of a grand truth, which has often been controverted, namely, that an honest man in private life, will be an honest man in the character of a minister, or whatever station he assumes; for during his lordship's short, but virtuous administration, many great and important services were rendered to Great Britain; among which, LIBERTY, after a long confinement, shewed her face once more! and I would have the year 1765 put down in
the

the chronicle of great events, as the year in which the fury of party was not able to obstruct the measures of men, though they were so unfashionable to prefer the nation's glory and their sovereign's honour to their own private concerns. It is a melancholy reflection to men who *think*, to find that such men existed in power ONLY A YEAR AND THREE DAYS! I must own, however, one *great error* committed by the MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM, which came within my own knowledge, and indeed I have heard it whispered he was *frequently guilty* of such misdemeanors, namely, that he gave a gentleman, to whom he was an utter stranger, a place of five hundred pounds a year, besides other *douceurs*, for no other earthly reason, but because he was an old soldier, who was nearest, and best *akin* to the employment; nay, he did not even know the man's name, nor was his request backed by a *parliament-man*! Did you ever hear of such a man for a minister? I predicted his destiny that very day, and published his lordship's UP-FALL two days after in the Gazetteer.

Since I am got upon mortifying subjects, I must mortify you a little more. You know

with what reluctance the English gave up Martinico at the late peace; but you do not know with how much more reluctance the French inhabitants of that island were restored to their old master. They wished for nothing more than to remain subjects to Britain. I speak not at random; I have my information from one who has good possessions there, who was there when it was taken, and when it was given up. They are now building on that island a very strong citadel. The planters in Martinico are not allowed to make any rum, because it would hurt the mother country. Rum is as dear in France as Burgundy is in England. Had the planters in Martinico disputed the ground with the English, as they might, the island could not have been taken. The French ministry, conscious of this truth, shew them now but little attention; and, upon any future war, it will be no difficult matter to retake it. During the late war, they sold their best white sugar to the Dutch from twelve to fifteen livres per hundred weight, and fifteen livres that money, is only nine shillings sterling! and the Dutch paid them with beef and flour, which they exchanged at the rate of a hundred and forty to two hundred

dred livres a barrel, and for common wine, from four to five hundred livres per hoghead ! I mention this to shew you the amazing profit which accrued to those universal carriers the Dutch during the late war ! If we were to send general Ruefane before that island, with power to assure them that it should not be given up again, the islanders would invite him on shore. General Ruefane's name is revered there for his mild and impartial administration of justice.—They were before, and have been *more so since*, strangers to such governors. By what I can learn, general Ruefane has something of that *weakness* about him which I mentioned above, relative to a late great minister, and therefore a very *improper* man to be a governor. He treated these people as *freemen*, not as they ought, *like slaves*. It is the country of slavery, and therefore ought to have (as many of ours have) governors put over them, that have been bred up with *proper notions of arbitrary power*. If we were to send such men as Wolfe, Ruefane, Carlton, &c. to continue any time governors in the West India islands, or the provinces in America, I dare say the people there would be *absurd* enough to think of making their *own* laws, and enjoying

29 1

ing the privileges of freemen ! and therefore it is better to send men, who understand the *laye*, and the *Letene* ; men who have a friend at court, and who can keep the *white slaves* in subjection. If I had any interest with the present l—ds of t—e, I would recommend Dr. S—— to one of the American governments. He is a very good hand at scolding, and it is a good air for pulmonic complaints ; and as he is an *able physician*, and knows a little of *surgery*, it is possible he might favour the world with a natural history of the great continent of America. Methinks I should rejoice to see advertised, “ A complete Natural History of America, by his excellency Toby S——, M. D.” or the puff in the Critical Review, with an extract from governor S——’s observations on the customs and manners of the *Creek* and *Chickasaw* Indians. “ But this is a subject upon which I am disposed to be (perhaps impertinently) circumstantial. When I begin to run riot, you should check me with the freedom of a friend ; the most distant hint will be sufficient to,

“ Dear Sir, yours assuredly.”

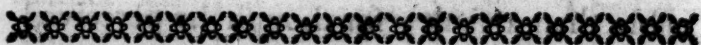
P. S.

P. S. I cannot omit informing you with a singular character among the titled men in this kingdom, because it is very singular indeed, and what I am persuaded no other man of high rank in France, much less a prince, could be capable of. Having signified to some gentlemen at the hunt, that I had some E— horses to dispose of, the p—e of M—, a man of immense fortune, who keeps two or three hard featured English grooms, or rather English ostlers under that denomination, signified to me that he would come and look at them on a particular day; but, to shew his *greatness*, or my littleness, he neither came on that nor on the following days which he named; but at length came unexpectedly; and after partaking of some musical entertainment which happened to be then performing in my house, which he greatly interrupted, by touching discord notes on one instrument, while the performers were playing on others, and bringing a gentleman with him, who stood all the time to hint to me that I was not to sit down in his presence; he offered me fourteen guineas for a mare, which cost me in London twenty-five, and is worth double that sum. *This p—e horse-dealer*, however, was in every respect disappointed;
for

for not being a p—e of the blood, I took neither his hint nor his money. I had previously heard that the king said, "If the Englishman does not take care, M— will jockey him." His highness plumes himself upon this kind of address:—but he was mistaken in his man; and, ill as I can afford it, I would rather drop my mare, as women do bastard children, at the prince of Conde's stable-door, than take the prince of M—'s forty guineas; because the mare is too good to be the property of any man who knows not how to support the dignity of his birth, rank, and fortune: however, I will allow this p—e all the merit that his most sanguine hopes could afford him, namely, that a p—e of fifty thousand pounds a year had a chance, by his parade, polite expressions, &c. to dazzle the eyes and shut out the judgment of a stranger of small fortune, so as to gain an advantage over him; but surely such address as this is not the character a man would wish to appear in, either to strangers, or to those of his own nation; and what made me feel it more sensibly, and resent it more warmly, was, that the person and address of the p—e
are

are both very captivating ; and I am inclined to hope his passion for horse-dealing is more a foible than a fault ; for though he perceived I resented his offer with contempt, he always after spoke to me with great good humour and affability.

LETTER



L E T T E R X I I .

St. Germain's,

DEAR SIR,

I Told you, in a former letter, of my having dined with Dr. Howard, the principal of the English seminary; and I think I told you there is also an Irish and Scotch foundation of the same sort at Paris. At the latter they have a very good original picture of Mary queen of Scots; and likewise a great number of her original letters, wrote during her injurious imprisonment by her sister-queen Elizabeth; on some of which there is still visible many proofs that her pen was guided by the afflictions and overflowings of her sorrowful heart! for it is evident, that the spaces between some of the words were occasioned by the tears which fell from her eyes as she wrote, and being too wet to take the ink, she skipped the tears, and left those impressions of her affliction

fiction (for they are still very visible) to future ages, which can never fail to produce to every spectator, who has a susceptible heart, a sensation that you can much easier conceive than I can express. The blank spaces where they were dropped, prove them to be HER tears, otherwise I should not be surprised to find tears daily dropped on letters, so affectingly wrote, by a betrayed queen, kept a close prisoner upon the margin of her own kingdom, contrary to all the rules of honour, faith, and consanguinity. I will not betray to you my own weakness, when I found so large and affecting a *period*, as the tear of a beautiful queen, confined by one who ought to have been her protector; and I was glad to find some resource in reflecting on the untimely death of lord Darnly, and her partiality to Bothwell; and yet, foul as those stains are on the memory of Mary, some of Elizabeth's letters ought to have had a few tears of repentance too. Mary died a more terrible death than Darnly, and deserved it less. After all, those who expect compassion from princes or ministers, are well off if they meet with common justice. How ungenerous was it of Mr. T——, upon my first dispute with Orwell,
to

to write me an office letter *throughout with his own hand*, and therein thank me for the
 “attention I paid to HIM, and the respect I
 “always shewed to HIS OFFICE. Mr. Ver-
 “non, says he, applied to me for this pur-
 “pose, and I wonder he is all of a sudden
 “grown so very jealous of the war-office!
 “However, as you have not the same jealousy,
 “I am indifferent in whose name orders are
 “brought to you.”

If I was elated more than I ought on receipt of *an office* letter so singularly wrote, and from such a man as Mr. T——, it is not to be wondered at. He perceived I knew and did my duty; and it was natural in me to expect, after receiving such a letter, from such a secretary, he would support me throughout; and had I met with that support which a soldier ought, who did his duty with propriety, I had never been punished for publishing a libel. Lord B——, the present f——y, ingenuously told me, that *he recommended* it to the king, just after I had stood three weeks before a court martial, and answered for my conduct at a bar of justice, to write me the most extraordinary letter that perhaps ever came from the w—r o—e, I had been
 acquitted

acquitted of six out of eight charges, and the king had been graciously pleased to remit the sentence of reprimand for the two, of which I was found guilty; but in less than six weeks came a worse sentence, from the *recommendation* of lord B—, than I could have met with, had I been found guilty, on my trial, of all the charges exhibited against me; yet lord B—, within ten days after, wrote me a letter, with his own hand too, wherein he says, “ I fear my good wishes for you have made
“ me go somewhat farther than I ought in
“ leaving you the coals;” (meaning the serving the troops at Land Guard Fort with coals and candles;) “ be assured I do not mean or in-
“ tend you any harm; so far from it,” &c. &c. I am now well convinced his lordship did not mean me any harm; and had he not told me it was *his own* recommendation to the king, I could not have expected such a shock from the recommendation of one, who had, upon many former occasions, shewn me favour. I remember at Westminster school, that the *head boys* used to compel the *little boys* in the *lower* class to do many things very contrary to their inclination. What is it that Sir Blue String at the west end, and Sir Red String at the east end of the town, cannot

effect? The king, God bless him, could not mean me any harm; lord B—— assured me, he neither meant or intended me any; and therefore, as harm was done me, I must impute it to the two favourite p——s with ribbands about their necks. I wish they had the addition of bells to them, that they might, like the rattle-snake, give previous notice how near at hand their deadly poison is. But enough, “mum for that,” as Toby says.— I may live to see a head or two more on Temple-bar. “The natives of a certain island delight in blood.” I own I am such an *enemy* to my country, as to wish Sir Robert Walpole among us again; he was a staunch whig, not *absolutely* destitute of abilities, and what money he idled away, was among his friends at home; not in fruitless fantastical expeditions on the coast of France, that our enemies might laugh at us; for I will be bold to say, that whoever planned those expeditions *erred in judgment*; I say it, because I have the unanimous voice of this kingdom to justify such an assertion. The most formidable of those preparations alarmed only the inhabitants on the margin of the coast; and the cannon taken at Cherbourg cost more to England than their
own

own weight in solid gold; and besides, the risque of so important a fleet on that dangerous coast, is known only to those who have frequently visited it. There are between capè La Hogue and St. Malos a continued chain of Rocks for many leagues, some above, but many more barely covered with the water; and, had a violent gale of wind, such as is but too common in the British channel, overtook our fleets upon either of those *invading* expeditions, I appeal to every seaman whether the consequences might not have proved fatal to the whole fleet. This I say not so much to blame what is past, as to prevent such dangerous and feeble expeditions upon any future occasion.

The French managed much better with their flat-bottomed boats, when they pretended to invade us; for though the boats were really built, the troops drawn down upon the coast, and great numbers actually embarked, it is well known they never intended to go above a league to sea.—At the time that the troops were embarked on board these flat-bottomed boats, the implements of war which were prepared for the *pretended* expedition were forty miles from the coast, and two of

the boats were purposely set on fire, for a *light* to *blind* the eyes of the multitude, and an excuse for disembarking the troops. Left it escapes my memory, I must assure you, that it is a false charge on the English nation that they are more guilty of *suicide* than their neighbours; as great a number of Frenchmen lay violent hands upon themselves as Englishmen; only in England these circumstances are always known, and publicly inserted in newspapers! on the contrary, in France, it is generally concealed with the utmost industry, and never published in any Gazettes! Even an execution in France is seldom known but to those who live near, or happen to pass by the place where criminals suffer; and even these seldom know who it is, or for what crime they suffer. A Scotchman was hanged the other day at Paris. The day before his execution he earnestly desired to speak to the earl of Rochford, intimating that he had something of importance to discover. Mr. Higden, his lordship's secretary, and Mr. Fountain, chaplain to the embassy, went to him by his excellency's desire; but it plainly appeared he only wanted to gain time, and to put off the evil hour. He said he must *write* what he had to discover, and that he
could

could not perform it in less than *four* days. This man brought with him to France (having come by the way of Birmingham) about fifty pounds in false French crowns. His guilt was very notorious, and clearly proved; and an innocent English gentleman, who came from Dover, and travelled with him to Paris, was imprisoned, and with difficulty supported his innocence. The Scotchman would not tell his name; he spoke in good language, and told Mr. Higden that he had kept the best company; but, said he, no matter for that now! When the popish priest came to confess him, he turned his back upon him: in short, he was very much out of humour, and died in *dudgeon*. This shews how very necessary it is to be cautious how you cultivate acquaintance on the road, and what company you keep. The Scotchman proposed *to pay* the post-horses and road expences from Calais to Paris, by which means he put off his bad money, and was repaid at the journey's end with good; and his giving his fellow traveller some *Birmingham change*, involved him for some time under the same suspicion of guilt. A stranger, upon his arrival in the neighbourhood of Paris, must be inclined to think, from the incessant clappers

of church bells, that it is a town of great piety ; and his suspicions will be thoroughly confirmed, when in it, by the infinite number of men and women in the various habits of their *religious* orders, with which the streets are continually crowded ; but a short residence there will soon convince him of the truth of an old proverb, the more noise, the less work. Would you believe it ! that eight out of ten Englishmen that come to Paris are actually sold before they enter the city, by the postillion who drives them from St. Dennis, the last stage ! It is inconceivable what sums of money those postillions get. Suppose, for instance, you direct one of these fellows to drive you to the Hotel de York, or any other to which you are recommended, he will either *not know it*, say it is shut up, break his harness, or carry you into some narrow street, where you will be stopped up for an hour or two, till you are content to go to any Hotel, and he has many in every quarter of the town, where he gets a guinea or two guineas a piece, according to the *value of his freight* ; there he leaves you, in possession of half a dozen *valets de place*, who profess the utmost friendship for your English servants, and because they are strangers ; they become their servants first, and then

your master; they give notice to all the English, Irish, and Scotch sharpers, with which the town swarms, of your arrival, and in proportion to the figure you make, the gates of your *hotel* are beset with rascals of every denomination, from a priest to convert you, down to a sharper to beggar you; and these people appear in such various characters, and with such an insinuating address, that a young man can scarce possibly escape all the snares that are laid for him. Those parents who think they may trust their sons in Paris, because they have previously had a winter's *run in London*, are egregiously mistaken. There is more difference between Paris and London, than between a rotten apple and a sound one, both internal and external. Indeed the immense number of superb equipages to be seen in Paris is incredible, and the painting thereon exquisite, considering that it is continually to be exposed to the air and inclemency of all seasons; but then in general you will find no better painting, and seldom so good, even in the cabinets of those who possess these fine equipages. It is very singular, but I have reason to believe it is no less true, that at this day one of the most virtuous nations in Europe is governed by the most vicious k—g.

A gentleman of rank, who has resided some years at the court of a certain great m—— on the continent, gave me such an account of the private character of his M——, that it is too bad and shocking to repeat;— though, of all nations under the sun, he abhors the English most, affects to despise them, and always ridicules them. This is a motly letter, and so adieu.

P. S. Whether Mary queen of Scots possessed the second-sight, I know not; but it is evident by the following song, which she wrote at the age of twenty-four, when she was going to her kingdom of Scotland, that she left France with the utmost reluctance:

Adieu plaisant pays de France;

O ma patrie,

La plus chère!

Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance;

Adieu France, adieu nos beaux jours.

La nef qui déjoint nos amours,

N'a eu de moi que la moitié.

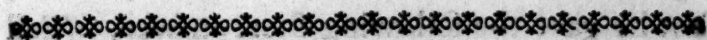
Une part te reste, ille est tienne.

Je la fie à ton amitié,

Pour que de l'autre il te souviene*.

* However uncouth the above lines may appear at this day, they are nevertheless admired by those who perfectly understand the French of that time.

LET-



LETTER XIII.

St. Germain's,

DEAR SIR,

MY situation in this town has given me an opportunity of learning some particulars relative to the Pretender, after his return from Scotland in 1745. You may remember that we in England were at a loss to know in what part of the world he was for a considerable time, especially about the year 1756; I can now inform you, that he was that very year in London, and even present at a review in Hyde-park. How long he remained in England, I cannot say; but he left it sooner than he intended, having been accosted by a person in London, who had served him in 1745, and on whose secrecy he durst not depend. When the king of France was enjoined by the king of England not to permit the Pretender to remain any longer in his

his dominions; the king sent an officer from Versailles, to desire him forthwith to retire; but he gave the following short answer, "Tell your master, sir, that I will not." And this message being repeated several times, and the same reply made, it was determined to seize his person. The Pretender, at this time, had a very *particular* friend at court, *madame Victoire*, who privately gave him notice that he would be seized the first time he went to the opera. Upon which notice, however, he went that very evening, where a guard were in readiness to secure him; and as some scuffle ensued between him and the officer who had orders to apprehend him, his hands and arms were tied, and in that manner he was conducted to the palace of *Vincennes*. The same evening all his domestics were sent to the Bastile. The next morning he signified to the king, that he was ready to leave the kingdom, which he was permitted to do, and his servants were set at liberty, and he accordingly set out for *Avignon*. He had no particular desire to remain at Paris; but he declared he would not leave this kingdom till all the world knew in what manner he was compelled to leave it. The Pretender in his person is tall, but stoops
a good

a good deal, being rather round shouldered. He has a large full eye, a pale visage, a high forehead, and is esteemed not unlike the present king of France. I am speaking of what he was some years ago ; for I am informed he is now very much altered, and that his health is much impaired by some excesses he has fallen into. When he returned to France from Scotland in the year 1745, the king received him at *Marli*, before whom he appeared in the very dress he had made his escape, without hair, wig, or hat. He is violently bigotted to the religion in which he was bred ; but, in order to conceal his *real* way of thinking, two gentlemen (North Britons) who were his constant companions in public, took care to declare themselves Protestants, and perhaps were so. But had the *gude* young man succeeded, it is not impossible they might have forsaken the kirk of Scotland for a snug *little rectory* in *England*, or some lay employment about court : it is hard for old friends to part about *trifles*.

I think I mentioned, in a former letter, some absurdities peculiar to the Spanish, French, and English nations ; but I must observe, the most absurd of all is, the English
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copying the manners, and coveting the dress and other manufactures of France: but I must now inform you with a custom practised here, that every Englishman would rejoice to find religiously followed by the parliament or council of England. Returning yesterday from the hunt, in company with a gentleman of the king's household, we passed the most expensive and shewy *cabriolet* I had ever seen. A gentleman informed me, that it cost five thousand livres. You remember what awkward things our two-wheel post-chaises were in England some years ago, and this *cabriolet* is built upon the worst of those principles, is exceeding heavy, and though very fine, the clumsiest vehicle I ever beheld. At length I found it was the king's. I then asked why the king had not one or two of our English four-wheel post-chaises, that were in all respects so much more convenient and elegant? He replied, the king had been very desirous of having such a carriage, and that it had been long and often debated at his COUNCIL-TABLE; but at length it was determined in the negative; as his example would be followed by all the nobility, and prove destructive to that very great branch of trade in Paris coach-making.

making. And he further assured me, that it was debated more than six months at the council, whether the king should have English hunters, or be content to use those of Normandy; but it was at length made appear, that Normandy could not supply the very great number of horses that is necessary for that purpose, and therefore with great reluctance it was agreed to provide the king with English hunters, and he has now upwards of three hundred very good ones in his stables at Versailles, and constantly maintains two thousand three hundred for his use. Such imitations as these in England would give spirit to artists of all kind, who are not only injured grievously by our preference to French baubles, cloaths, &c. but mortified in an high degree, to see work of many kinds, much inferior to their own, sold at a higher price than theirs, for no other reason but because IT IS FRENCH! The consequence of the king's having an English post-chaise may be guessed at, by his having English hunters; for I never saw one gentleman at the hunt that was not *montée à cheval Anglois*, and most of them had servants attending with three or four others to remount them. The fashion is all
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in all in France; the brokers shops in Paris are filled with prodigious quantities of very valuable old china, which may be bought for a trifle, because their own manufacture is, they think, preferable; though (*by the bye*) it is little better in composition than glass: yet the work and painting, however, is exquisitely fine, but excessively dear. In short, I must own, that, in spite of all their good breeding, and all the good things with which this country certainly abounds, and even exceeds England, there is a *je ne sçai quoi* about every Englishman abroad, that continually is hinting to him, that England, *little England*, take it all in all, has more beauties of nature and art; more men of learning; superior laws; and, according to its size and number, abounds with more honour, honesty, and hospitality than any kingdom or principality in the known world; and therefore I hope once more to “tempt that invidious streight which” still divides you from

Yours, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R X I V .

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THE longer I live within the *pale of the Catholic Church*, the more I abominate their uncharitable disposition towards all dissenters, which they deem heretics, without distinction.

Having a daughter born here last month, monsieur l'abbé Legrand, the prior of St. Germain's, sent abbé Naughten to know why I did not christen my new-born child? I told this church militant *aid de camp*, that I considered myself an Englishman (upon *my travels* if you please) and under the protection of the English ambassador, as well as a member of the little congregation, who meet every Sunday at his excellency's hotel at Paris, to serve God in the manner in which I was bred; and that I should either take my child there to be christened,

christened, or prevail with the ambassador's chaplain to give it private baptism here; but that I waited for an answer to a letter I had wrote to madame *la countesse de la Marck*, to ask the honour of her standing godmother. Upon this the prior dispatched a letter instantly to madame de la Marck at Paris, requiring her not to consent to my request but upon certain conditions. What those conditions were may be conceived by her answer, as follows :

“ I am very ready, Sir, to comply with
“ your request; but it must be upon such
“ conditions, with which I much doubt your
“ compliance. First, it will be impossible
“ for me to be responsible for your child, un-
“ less it be christened at the parish church of
“ St. Germain *by the prior*, or some other
“ priest which he shall name in his place.
“ Secondly, you must consent that it shall be
“ educated in the religion of the holy, ca-
“ tholic, apostolic, and Roman church.
“ Thirdly, you and your wife must, by a
“ formal promise, assure me never to speak
“ to your child of your own religion, and
“ leave her in the free exercise of mine; and
“ that you leave her in some religious house
“ till she be sixteen years of age! This, Sir,
“ is

“ is the condition of our present negotiation,
 “ and without which it is impossible for me to
 “ comply with your desire. By the law of
 “ our religion an engagement of this sort is
 “ very binding ; in short, we become the tem-
 “ porary mother of the child, and are re-
 “ sponsible to God for its education,” &c.

The prior had made me a New-year's-day visit, and I had not returned it, and he knew I did not intend it, and therefore he was determined to put me to the necessity of asking *him* to christen my child, or lose *my godmother*. He succeeded in the latter ; for, exclusive of the religious consideration, I would not have been laid under such unreasonable injunctions. It must be acknowledged, however, that the prior of St. Germain is a man of a fair and unblemished character. It is a royal rectory, and worth eight hundred pounds sterling *per annum* ; and yet neither this great income, for it is a great one in France, nor the comeliness of his person, for he is a remarkable handsome man, has tempted him to fall into the general vices of this or other countries ; but when he found I was not a *sheep* for his *fold*, he did not think it politic to be over civil or familiar with *an heretic*. Two

or three Protestants, who have died in this town since I have been here, he would not permit the carpenters to make coffins for, and they were buried naked in shallow graves in the forest, and their bodies soon after were turned out of the earth by the wild boars! One of those spectacles, I am informed, came under the king's observation at the hunt, who expressed his abhorrence at such *religious* brutality. When colonel Forrester died at *Toulouse*, they required his servants to pay thirty *louis-d'ors* for permission to bury him even in his own garden; and, upon their making remonstrances against such an imposition, the principal magistrate of the town sent them notice, if the money was not forthwith paid, he would cause his dead corpse to be dragged naked about the town!! The king, however, was so much offended with the magistrate's conduct, that he caused him to be forthwith degraded, and, together with his son, banished the city. The reason why they are so much more severe against Protestants in the south of France than near Paris is, the Protestants are there more numerous; some thousands of whom assemble and hear divine service every Sunday in those parts of this kingdom,

dom, though the priests who are detected, are instantly hanged up ! But what is more singular is, that a party of horse are sent out every Sunday, with *public orders* to apprehend all those persons who unlawfully assemble in the fields to serve God their own way ; but as they constantly take a direct contrary rout from that which they know the Protestants are gone, it is past all doubt they have *private orders* not to *find* them. The ignorant rabble, however, are amused by these pursuits, and they are too ignorant to perceive the deception. It is impossible for a sensible Frenchman, who knows Christianity only from the church of Rome, to be a Christian ; France therefore abounds with more Deists than any kingdom on earth ; for it certainly abounds with sensible and learned men. An English woman now in this town, who was converted to the church of Rome in England, by her husband, a Frenchman, had not been here long before she told him, “ It is well, my dear, you “ made a convert of me in England ; for, “ had I come here first, you would not have “ succeeded.” A just and sensible remark.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.



LETTER XV.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

CONsidering how many blemishes, imperfections, and disagreeable circumstances I have pointed out, belonging to this nation in particular, you will perhaps think the frequent censures I let fall on *Toby the Martinet* in literature is rather too severe for what he has said; but be it remembered, what resentment I express does not arise so much from all the false charges he has laid upon the backs of the French nation, but those likewise with which he has as unjustly, I hope, saddled the English. When I say the English, observe, *I, like him*, do not mean *Britons*, and include *Scotland*; but the *English nation singly*. In his history of England, the Pretender is called "*the Prince Pretender*." Dr. Cameron's manly fortitude at the place of execution is held forth,

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I presume, to shew, what *virtue in distress* is capable of combating! Whenever *Toby* speaks of bad actions, they are performed by the *English nation*; when good, by the *British*! He even too gives the l— to the K—'s B—h on the 13th of *November, 1753*; and presently afterwards charges both houses with presenting an affectionate address to this *barangue!!!* The genius of the *English* people is, he says, “incompatible with tranquillity;” “if they have no foreign provocations, they” “will be agitated by the turbulent ingredients” “inherent to themselves.” But why the *English* nation? Are not the *Scotish* equally subject to such agitations? When a rebel is hanged, it is owing to the “*barbarity*” “*of the English!*” The story of *Elizabeth Canning* is foisted in, on purpose to give a characteristic idea of the *English* nation. The story of that wicked slut indeed he has told very justly; but very unjustly deduces the character of the *English* nation, from the zeal with which that impostor was supported; but he ought to have known the girl was a dissenter, and those of her tribe were at first weak enough to believe her story, and wicked enough to support her in it, after they were unde-

ceived; foolishly believing her guilt would bring down a general reflection on those of the same community. I knew a man-midwife, who was tried for his life, for ravishing a married woman, one of his patients. He was a pillar of a certain country meeting-house; for which reason it is inconceivable to see what pains *his brethren* took to serve, and save him. This ingenious midwife, after having TOUCHED half the married women of I—, is now gone to exercise his *touching* function in one of the most capital cities in England! What is very singular is, that at his trial for the *rape*, a great number of the *virtuous married* women, whom he had often *touched*, attended in court, to give evidence upon oath, that he had *laid them* without *lying with them*! That the women should attend to give evidence in favour of their own dear doctor, does not surprise me; but that the *ninnies* their husbands should have coached them off a four-and-twenty-mile jaunt for such a purpose, is rather extraordinary! The multitude of such instances as these, which I could recite, and the multitude of such men who follow the same practice, justifies what I have said in *Man-midwifery Analysed*, a book I never will

will be ashamed to own myself the author of, till the women are ashamed of being *visited, touched, and delivered* by men. It is not the men-midwives I am censuring or blaming; but the wanton foolish women who employ them, and the still more simple and contemptible men their husbands, who allow their wives to be so defiled and injured. A sensible clever fellow, a physician and man-midwife of my acquaintance, being asked what he thought of Midwifery Analysed? replied; that I was ignorant of the task I had undertaken; that he could have furnished me with ten times as much matter; and concluded with assuring me, that in a country place where he practised upwards of twenty years, nineteen women out of twenty sent for him merely on the score of a little *mirth and jollity*; and I must confess I think they were judicious in their choice, for the doctor is certainly a handsome man, of good address, and I *take it* he has had as many women under his thumb as the Great Mogul. In this country, the *interest* of the clergy and that of midwifery *clash*. No people understand the art of *touching* better than the *catholic clergy*. *Confession* in France has ana-

lysed man-midwifery. Now I mention the clergy, I must not omit to *carry* you to church, and tell you, that among the great number of good pictures which are in the church of *Notre Dame* in Paris, the most excellent one is painted by *Jouvenet*, who at the age of sixteen, after he had made a great progress in the art of painting, lost the use of his right arm by a stroke of the palsy; not dismayed at such a fatal stroke, he applied the pencil to his left, and with that hand the picture I now mention is painted! An Englishman would have been disheartened, and perhaps despaired of ever acquiring a masterly use of the left hand; but a Frenchman seldom despairs, nor is he ever dissatisfied with his person or his abilities.

A French gentleman in this town has a very ungain, lumbering, useless leg and foot, trussed up behind him by means of the crutch to his wooden leg, and yet he never appears abroad without being *buckled on* to a large sword and belt. You may easily conceive the straight wooden leg, the useless trussed up *real leg*, and the sword all clashing and crossing each other on his left side, do not form *much* of Hogarth's *line of beauty*; yet
what

what is still more extraordinary, I have frequently seen him, thus yoked, mounted on horseback!! To sum up the character of the French nation in a few words, we may say, that no people murmur more, obey better, or forget their misfortunes sooner. I cannot satisfy you relative to all the questions you put to me concerning Mr. Wilkes; for, though I cannot guess why, Mr. Wilkes has been rather shy, rather rude, and rather injudicious in his behaviour towards me. We did once visit, I think; but to a letter which I sent my servant on purpose to Paris with, which contained what I weakly believed he might be glad or sorry to know, he made no answer! not even a *verbal one*! which I should not have taken ill, had not the sensible manner in which he felt *such slights* himself from a superior appeared soon after in print, under his own name; for surely there is not a much greater difference between the duke of G—n and Mr. Wilkes, than between Mr. Wilkes and

Your humble servant.

P. S. To satisfy you, however, in some degree, Mr. Wilkes has genteel apartments
in

in a good hotel, keeps a handsome equipage, and converses with the *belle esprit* of Paris. In the summer he has lodgings or a house in the country; his daughter lives with him, who is a decent, well-behaved young woman, and who constantly attends divine service at the ambaffador's chapel. I cannot help thinking *Belifarius*, written by Monsieur *Marmon-
tel*, was made into English *before* the original was published here.

LETTER

L E T T E R XVI.

St. Germain's,

DEAR SIR,

VOLTAIRE says all Europe was involved in a bloody war in queen Anne's reign, which had its first rise from a trifling dispute about a pair of woman's gloves. I am well assured here, that the late war was occasioned by a circumstance full as trifling. Madame *Pompadour* had a point to carry quite foreign to Great Britain, which she thought a war most likely to effect; and I am apt to think, that the most important state occurrences when searched to the bottom, will be found to arise from some such trifling circumstance. In this kingdom I am certain, though madame Pompadour is no more, most public transactions are conducted by female dictators. The *countess of Toulouse*, who died last year at a very great age, saved the

the present minister of France from a total overthrow, within a short time before her death. A young duke, my neighbour, was the other day actually named in private to go ambassador to E——; but neglecting afterwards to attend the morning toilet of the duchess de G——t, by whose favour and *tendre* for his person, he was named, the *other extreme* took place, and his d——p was laid aside. This young man, a few years since, on his return to France from England and the tour of Europe, was looked upon as a rising genius, and one who bid fair to make a figure in a public capacity; but disregarding the wholesome and friendly truths which a few honest men ventured to tell him, he opened his ears to sycophants and flatterers, became intoxicated with vanity and self-conceit, which now displays itself in every action of his life, and in none more conspicuous than as a stiff, conceited, unnatural actor in the private plays which are performed in his father's house, during the winter season, where I have often experienced the truth of the old proverb, that the younger brother is the finest gentleman; sure I am, he is by a thousand degrees the best actor. Indeed the
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elder is no actor at all, unless he had a part cut out on purpose for him, to exhibit a self-conceited coxcomb, affecting to look pretty, and to shew he thinks all the women in the boxes are dying for him. A man who always walks or travels with books to pore upon, when he finds himself approached by others, and which are pocketed again as soon as the spectator is passed, I may venture to pronounce to be a superlative coxcomb. May France always furnish us with such *philosophical ambassadors*! I must not omit telling you, when the earl of Rochford was named ambassador to this court, how much I was beset by the French, to know *what sort of a man his excellency is*. Had I then been informed as well as I am now with the great talents his lordship possesses, joined to an agreeable person, and captivating address, I hope I should have been too cautious to have mentioned any but the latter. Indeed I only replied, that his lordship had always been distinguished by peculiar marks of honour and confidence by the late and present king. One gentleman, who was more particularly inquisitive, has since said to me with some degree of warmth (from what cause I could not learn) “by G—d, we
“ are

"are always over-reached by your ambassadors."

And now I am mentioning the ambassador, it may not be improper to advise you, and every Englishman who comes to Paris, as an act of prudence, as well as duty, always to wait upon the ambassador, whoever he be; for in leaving your name only at his door, you enrol yourself as it were under his protection (a matter of great importance in this arbitrary country;) and by neglecting this your duty, you wilfully shut yourself out from the least pretensions to his protection, countenance, or assistance, whatever befalls you. Had the English officer, who so loudly complained of violence to his person, and indignity to his character, been properly known to the ambassador, nothing like what did could have happened; and, if I am not misinformed, the public complaint he made in the news-papers was a very unjust one, as it obliquely threw some reflections on the late and present ambassador's backwardness to procure him redress; but if, as I said above I am not misinformed, he was repeatedly asked, before he left Paris, whether he was quite satisfied with what had been said and done upon the occasion? And if the French, from a willingness to

to apprehend a wicked fugitive from us, and deliver him up to justice, seized and imprisoned a wrong man, it was to him a very particular and unfortunate circumstance; but certainly it was not an object to create a national quarrel. But what gentleman can reasonably expect or ask favours when in difficulties, who omitted to pay his duty, on his first arrival, to the representative of his sovereign, and the ambassador of his country? It is impossible to suppose, that if a guard were to come and take me in custody at midnight at Paris, that they would shut up their ears, and be deaf to a remonstrance of this nature: "I am a gentleman who have been
 " guilty of no offence, or transgression to the
 " laws of this or any other country; my
 " name is so, and I have the honour to be
 " personally known to the duke of Rich-
 " mond, lord George Lenox, or the earl of
 " Rochford;" I will venture to say, no guard would dare to take a man merely on suspicion to prison, who could make such a kind of declaration. This single circumstance is sufficient to enforce what I have said above; but, were it not, I could relate a great number of generous, spirited, and humane actions
 done

done by lord Rochford upon such occasions. I have known an Englishman, who remained but a few weeks in prison, for an offence, which by the laws of France would have kept him there twenty-one years. And I have known two foreign sharpers compelled to deliver up a thousand pounds, of which they had defrauded at play a young unwary Englishman, in consequence of his lordship's spirited conduct. It is inconceivable of what importance an ambassador endowed with spirit and humanity, those two ornaments of human nature, is, in a country so much frequented by young unexperienced Englishmen of fortune, as the city of Paris and this kingdom is. It is next to an impossibility for a young man of fashion to escape some of the many snares which are continually laid for him here, by all sorts and degrees of people. The English in particular are the *game* which are pursued, and consequently ought to be most upon their guard. The man who has had *the run* of London for a winter or two, is by no means qualified to pass safely through the various snares of the Parisians: for notwithstanding the jingling of bells, the crowded churches, and the variety of religious orders of
both

both sexes, with which the streets are over-run, Paris, in my conscience I believe it, is the wickedest city in the universe. The principal manufacture is *ready-made love*, which is *retailed out in small parcels* by wives and daughters with a veritable *bon grace*, and renders it not much inferior in *commerce* to the great sea port and metropolis of our own kingdom. My pity and concern arises for every young Englishman I see arrive in Paris. The first thing he does, is to have a *carrosse de remise*, and a *laquais de place*; his coach is exquisitely painted without, and *bedowned* and *bevelveted* within. He is treated with great respect, and called *mi-lord Anglois*, till he begins to think himself in reality so. His taylor, his coach, and his silver-laced footmen, together with the number of *prodigious civil, well-bred friends* he meets with of all nations, quite intoxicate him, and lead him into every kind of folly and expence. He perceives his coachman's hair well dressed, and tied in a bag, and knows he has a silver-laced puppy (but not a thief and a spy) behind him; and is confident that every person who looks at him, says to himself, "*that gentleman keeps a*
"*very fine equipage*;" while in truth unknown

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to

to him, his carriage is as strongly marked to be a hackney coach, as if it had the number 45 placed upon it on every pannel. As the proprietors who let them out are compelled to environ each wheel of the *carrosse de remise* with one whole ring of iron, instead of being in six or eight pieces, as on ours, and on all people of fashion's coaches here; so that in fact the spectators look with a sneer, saying to themselves, "There goes an English fop, "who is the dupe to that *laquais* behind him, "who *touches* at least five shillings in the "pound of every one he lays out." In short, they know that the master rides behind and before the coach, and the dupe and fool within, who, unless he comes with some very considerable recommendation to people of *condition*, will return without keeping any better company than Dr. Smollet did, or knowing any more of the manner of living among the people of rank here, than he knows of what is done within the Grand Turk's seraglio; and it will be well if his friends in England do not find him return destitute of the decent manly behaviour he *took out* with him: a fribble in dress, and a coxcomb in manners. Do not mistake me, when

when I say, a woman saved the present minister of France, that I mean to insinuate, that he is either a bad minister, or a bad man; on the contrary the duke de Choiseuil is a man of extraordinary abilities, of an open and generous disposition; esteemed by the foreign ministers, whom he treats with candour and a degree of confidence, very unlike his predecessors; but these very qualities have raised him an army of little enemies, who, if the king should die, would become great ones, and perhaps in that case even his head might be in danger. The multiplicity of business in which he is engaged, and to which it is necessary he should set his hand, has induced him to suffer his name to be stamped with an instrument made for that purpose, and this circumstance alone may be (as it is contrary to law) atoned for by his blood; though it is rather a proof of his integrity, than of mal-administration. A very bad man would not lay open to all the world so obvious a blot, so easy to prove, and so certain a triumph for his enemies. As I shall continue in this country but a short time longer, I shall stand clear of the imputation of bedaubing either the minister of my own country, or that of

France ; for I am neither guided from expectations of favours from one, or frowns from the other. It is truth, and truth alone, by which I am influenced ; and wherever I have departed from it, impute it to my ignorance, or want of better information ; not to a vice amongst the many I am plagued with, which I never possessed, namely, a turn for *daubing* or flattery. The Scotch Reviewers are pleased to say, I put myself up to sale in this country, and *bedaubed* the king and royal family for that purpose. A heavy charge this ; and therefore, though you will take my word, I will impower you to give my enemies other authority. I had not been many weeks in this kingdom, before I received a letter from monsieur l'abbé D——, domestic chaplain to p—e L——, bishop of S——. This gentleman, though an utter stranger to me, *lamented, in his letter*, that I had passed through Paris without his having an opportunity to shew me civilities, &c. I answered him in the civilest terms I was able. Indeed he even expressed the p—e's desire to serve me. In a few days after, he made me a visit at St. Germain, and eat of my family dinner. After which he took occasion to tell me, he had

translated

translated a letter of mine, which he had by accident met with, and laid it before the minister of France ; and that he was very sure I might be well received, and employed in my own profession in that kingdom, if it proved agreeable to me!! Some indignities which had been offered me not long before, by a crew of wicked people, and some hardships I was obliged to yield to, which my heart informed me I did not merit, at that time were fluctuating in my breast. Turned out of my habitation by a m—— (*what a martial court was unable to do*) with a VERY, VERY little pittance, to maintain a *very, very* large family, in the evening of my life, and the close of a faithful service of thirty years, tempted me to listen, or seem to listen, to his proposal. In short, he appointed me to meet him at *Versailles* on the Sunday following, in order to introduce me to the minister, and I accordingly went ; but I had the grace to refuse the audience. My vanity was flattered, and that satisfied me. The innate love every man feels towards his own country ; that warm attachment I was bred up in towards the present royal family of England, could not be shut out from my imagination,

nor from my affection. The splendour of the palace of Versailles, and the noble views from its windows were not able to divest me of natural love I bear my own sovereign, and my own country. I therefore thanked the abbé for his kind attention ; but told him, I had represented my grievances to the K. of E——, and there was still a chance of my hard case being made known to him. The offer pleased me, because it enabled me to refuse it ; and besides, it made me feel more sensibly how dear my own country was to me. I thought, when I left it, I did not love it ; but I soon found my resentment was only partial ; and that I had mistook a few two-legged brutes, and time-serving sycophants, for a country which is certainly superior, take it all in all, to any other part of the world.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

P. S. If you hear of a little farm, of about forty, fifty, or even threescore pounds a year, to be sold, pray let me know about the price, place, &c. for if such a thing comes within the reach of my purse-strings, it shall be my *dernier* resource, to milk my two cows in summer, and *bedaub* the wall of my house with

with their dung, for winter fuel. It was with this view I came to France, where there are a great number of such farms to be sold, with every beauty of nature about them ; only the worst is, that when they are bought and paid for, it may prove *convenient* for the king to erase the house, to make a road through the barn ; or that some countesse, princeesse, or Pompadour may consider it a pretty little addition to take within their park-pales ; or what is full as likely, some old sumerannuated female *devotee* may petition the king with success for a bit of land, *possessed by an heretic and a stranger*, whereon to erect a little chapel, to say mass in after her decease, to pray her soul out of purgatory, and to wipe out the sins of her youthful body.

LETTER XVII.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

I Told you, in a former letter, that there is scarce to be seen even a feature of beauty among the peasants or common people in this kingdom, which perhaps may be one reason why the women in high life are less chaste than the women in ours. The women of fashion here in general are certainly in possession of the only female charms which are to be found; and whatever be the cause, it is as certainly true, that the generality of the married ladies have, unlike the Italians, *more than one cicisbeo*; and she who does not *see* above *two*, is esteemed rather *prudent*! I know a gentleman of Paris, whose person and address is esteemed so captivating, that a lady was deemed unfashionable who had not *had him*!! This sort of commerce
among

among the females is carried on *pour passer le temps*, not from real attachment ; love is quite out of the question ; and in my conscience I believe, among the women in general, the grosser passion too ! Liberty, fashion, vanity, idleness, and the total neglect and indifference of their husbands, who follow their own amusements, without laying any restraint upon those of their wives, seem to be the cause of this prevailing vice. If the purse holds out, all is well ; and the purse perhaps *of both* may benefit by this kind of commerce ! It is certain that men of large fortunes can in no city in the world indulge their passions in every respect more amply than in Paris ; and that is the lure which decoys such numbers, and in particular Englishmen, to this city of *love* and folly ; and occasion such immense sums to be drained from other countries, and lavished away in debauchery of every kind, in a town, I speak it without partiality, infinitely inferior to London. I verily believe Paris to be the theatre of more vice than any city in the world, drunkenness excepted. What is very singular is, that Paris abounds with a great number of married women, from thirty-five to forty-five years of age, who are as
notorious

notorious for their devotion, as for their incontinence. I know a certain married c—ffe, turned of forty, who one while spends all her mornings in prayer and confession, and all the afternoon with a young lover ! At another time, her old confessor has her all to himself for a whole month, then he is discarded, and the lover gains ground. In short, love and religion ebbs and flows like the irregular tides after an earthquake ; and yet I must own, that having seen her often under her most *devout influences*, I rather think her cast-up eyes discovered at each corner a little *bit of white*, that does not belong to the church. She has a sister-in-law of the same stamp, but a little older, who carries things much farther ; for she frequently writes a letter to the virgin ! and having abandoned her husband, lives altogether with her *father confessor*. The husband got the father confessor disqualified to perform his *holy function* as a confessor ; but she found so much comfort from *him*, and *him alone*, that they had prepared to quit the kingdom, had not his *sacred function* been readmitted him. There is a fellow keeps a coffee-house in Paris, who formerly kept one in the *purlieus of Covent-Garden* ; but in Paris, as I am told

told, he has *extended his plan*! and is always prepared to accomode his customers according to their *particular gusts*! The English newspapers, which are to be seen at his house, draw a great many unwary *British* gentlemen to it, and many handsome young men of the three nations are to be *seen there*, who are *seldom seen* any where else! A young nobleman, not long since, gave ten thousand livres for a *young virgin* to her mother! A Frenchman, soon after, stole her away for a few days,—but only for a few days, the *stolen goods* were again restored, and no *question asked*. However, the streets of Paris, it must be confessed, are not so openly infested with common prostitute as those of London; and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that the infinite number of rogues, whores, and murderers, which Paris abounds with, has rendered it the safest of all great cities to pass thro' even at midnight. The guards are so alert, and so numerous, that it is next to an impossibility for a street-robber to escape with his booty; and if he does, and you can describe his dress or person, the *police* will find him next day. The interior police of Paris is very astonishing; nor can I leave this town, and spend one night at
any

any house at Paris, though no questions are asked me at my entrance, but the lieutenant of the *police* has my name and my abode the next morning in his book, and most likely knows the business on which I went, and at whose hotel I had visited. I was employed by a friend in London to find out an Englishman who had made a *hasty* journey to Paris, and whose Interest it was to lie concealed; I employed a French valet to find him, who, I believe, killed two birds with one stone; for at the same time he informed me where the man lodged, I suspect he advised him to move his quarters; for he decamped the next day. As I have told you how secure you may walk the streets of Paris at night, I must give you a necessary hint to pass safely by day, which is, to observe that wherever you see a long string hang from the top of a house, and two bits of wood or laths at the bottom, nailed together in the form of a cross, it is to preserve passengers from broken heads by workmen, who throw tiles, rubbish, &c. from the house-top, without any other precaution, as the cross *always secures* the persons of good Catholics! but is not quite so safe for Protestants to trust to; though I have been assured,

fured, that now and then an abbé *himself* gets a rap of the pate; for they generally go *cha-peau bras*. It has been observed, that every nation has its peculiar absurdities; this has certainly many, as you will perceive by *these presents*. The Spaniards keep the keys of their city-gates in a lodge on the outside of the walls! their eggs are brought to market in sacks, and their walnuts in baskets! A Frenchman, when he travels in a warm post-chaise, has a white beaver laced cap, which cover his ears, and buttons under his chin; but when he walks the streets, though the weather be ever so cold, or whatever be his age, he wears his hat under his arm. Coming the other day home from Paris with the *marquis de Brancas*, the marquis let down his glass to pay his respects to some gentleman on horseback on the plains of *Sorbonne*; as there was something very singular to me in the appearance of one of the company, I asked the marquis who that gentleman was? He replied, without the least idea of surprising me with his answer, *C'est une dame*. This lady had on a blue frock laced with gold, red satin waistcoat and breeches, and a feather and cockade in her hat, and rode a straddle, with a pair of English

lish paper boots. If every woman knew how very disgusting to every man of sense or delicacy they appear, even in the partial habit of our sex, they certainly would avoid it with the same caution that they would avoid the ravages of the small-pox, or of age. It is not the looking arch, or smart, or clever, which captivates men; but rather by concealing their beauties and their talents with a real or an affected modesty, under a habit in every respect truly feminine. If a parcel of female beauties were to make their escape through Turkey, they could not perhaps hit upon a more secure disguise than boots and breeches, and to ride astraddle. I know not why it is, but certainly the generality of *true-bred Frenchmen* are very diminutive; the women are not so, but rather tall. The duchess de Brancass, *dame de bonneur* to *madame* the late *dauphine*, I believe, is the tallest and largest true-born French person, male or female, in the kingdom of France. She is indeed what the French call *une grosse dondon*. Nevertheless she is, even now, though not young, a fine woman; but I should dread to see her *breeched*, and mounted on horse or on ass back. Having mentioned the absurdities of this nation, I can-

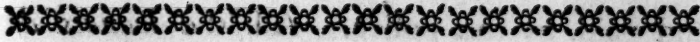
not conclude without making some on our own, namely that of our copying so much from them their manners, their dress, their their cookery, &c. when in fact there are very few things which they enjoy worth coveting, except their climate, language, fruit, and wine. In England, amongst the men and women of fashion, private gentlemen, citizens, domestics, and peasants, there is to be found a great variety of characters; but in France, one court lady, one nobleman, one *Bourgeois*, one domestic, and one peasant, shews you a perfect pourtrait of the whole nation. I told you, in a former letter, that in Flanders no such being was to be seen as a modest blushing country girl; and I may now almost venture to say, such a being does not live in France. Their education is so different from ours, that it is impossible. I heard a young beautiful girl of fashion, about fourteen years of age, ask her still young and *then* beautiful mother leave to go out to dance one Sunday afternoon, where I was visiting. The fond mother consented, with a seeming delight; and, as I went home, to my great surprize, I saw her daughter dancing in the open street of a country village, in company with ten or a dozen maids
and

and footmen, in the centre of a circle formed by all the riffraff of the town.

I am dear, &c.

P. S. Nothing appears to me more absurd than our fondness for French dishes; because it is evident the want of coals is the cause of their cooks *dealing* so much with the stew-pan. When I roast a large piece of beef, it costs me near as much for firing as for the meat.

LETTER



L E T T E R XVIII.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I have mentioned with surprise the knowledge the *police* of Paris have of every stranger, whether his pursuit be pleasure or business; where he lives, and what company he keeps; yet these things, when searched to the bottom, are not so very extraordinary. In the first place, it cannot be supposed that they are equally, if at all, informed of what the *Burgoise* and fixed inhabitants of the city say or do; their business is to know the intrigues of the bettermost people of their own country, and manœuvres of all strangers residing within the city and kingdom; for this purpose they continually keep spies, from five louis-d'ors a week, who ride in their coaches, down to the common *laquais*, at thirty sols each, and from which no family

N

mily is exempt. Lord Rochford knows, that two or three of his present servants are spies, and paid by the police. All the *laquais de place*, who trade in waiting upon strangers, understand a little English, Dutch, German, &c. but pretend not to know one word. These fellows hear your conversation, read your letters, examine your books, and give in once a week (or oftener if matter arises) every particular about you to the *police*! The hotel where ever you lodge durst not let you sleep one night there without giving in your name to this office. When I go from hence to Paris for one night only, you may find my address the next morning at the *police*. They will inform a stranger (who from any particular occasion wants to know) where he was on a certain day six months before!! Most of the coffee-houses have a waiter or two who understand English; I am convinced the head waiter does of the *Coffé de Conti*; and I have remarked, that when the English gentlemen assemble together up stairs at that coffee-house, there is always an odd Frenchman, affecting to be asleep, and totally ignorant of what is said, who is in fact a spy. It is necessary to have a good lock to your port-manteau,

manteau, and not to rely upon the keys of
 desks, closets, &c. which you will find gaping
 in abundance at your hotel, to invite your pa-
 pers, cloaths, &c. into. There is a peculiar
 or bewitching faculty in Paris or in the Pa-
 risians to draw strangers into extravagances.
 The son of a noble d—— being there not
 long since, was so pleased with one little *piece*
 of *ready-made love* he met with, that he left
 the dealer in it, before he took his leave in the
 morning, a draft for (some say) three thousand
 pounds sterling; but it is certain it was not
 less than one thousand!—but by some address
 of an *elder branch* of the family, the girl re-
 ceived a powerful man's order to deliver up
 the note; with which she immediately com-
 plied, and declared she would have done it
 without any formal demand, as she knew she
 had dealt with a man of honour, who would
 not fail to pay his *gaming* debts: in which
 she was not mistaken; for though the note
 was returned, the money was paid.—This is
 one instance, and I could give you a thousand,
 of the great influence of novelty, change of
 country, and of manners; for in London the
 same woman, and consequently the *same*
charms, would not have produced a tythe of

such liberality. But it was Paris, a Paris opera girl, and AN ENGLISHMAN AT PARIS, who is nobody without he cuts a figure, and this it was which induced an English gentleman to give a girl a thousand pounds, whom a Frenchman might have had for a soup and bouillée and a *petit écu*.

I gave you some account, in a former letter, of the unreasonable profit, I might say fraud, practised by those men in Paris who *call themselves* bankers. But mark well how *infinitely polite* they are to you, and how great a *regard* they conceive for you at *first sight* of your bill of credit; and you will soon perceive their friendship to be *a little* tinged with self-love. They are quite *otherguese* sort of men than our London bankers, who pay upon sight, without even a civil look, and sometimes without a word; but here they will *visit you* the next morning after your arrival, recommend you a taylor, a servant, an *hotel*, or a w——. But if you want a hundred pound or two, don't omit taking a cart or a wheelbarrow to bring it home; for he will give it to you in gros or *petit écues*, and tell you, that a Paris banker who pays in gold is looked upon as one just going to break; but
4 the

the truth is, he knows you will not *take so much* money at a time, when it is in such large lumps, and he fingers thereby your money the longer ; and besides which, five *per cent. not being profit enough*, every time you fetch cash, and forget your bag to put it into, he furnishes you with them at two or three pence a piece ! which cost him about a liard ; so that the article of *cash-bag selling* alone at Paris is not much less to a man of business than selling bags for wigs. But this is not all ; the puppy on whom I had a letter of credit from Mr. H——, hearing I was gone to England, and not knowing I was to return immediately, had the impudence to suffer my draught to be protested, though it would have been, when paid, considerably short of what my letters of credit amounted to ; and I am surprised that a house of so deservedly a good name as Mr. H——'s, should continue to recommend such a man ; while there live at Paris other English bankers, and one who has lately been honoured with a great mark of distinction from his sovereign, at the request, I believe, of the earl of Rochford, for the many singular services he did his countrymen during the late

war. The person I mean is now Sir Thomas Foley. If you consult your Paris banker what you shall do with your travelling coach or post-chaise; send it, he will tell you, to *my coachmaker's*, who will *dispose* of it; but it will be in a barn, behind forty others, where nobody can see it, and in the long-run the banker will be *kind* enough to take it for the price of its standing, which *to you*, in a short time, will be charged more than it is worth. These, and such kind of *finesses*, a man of discernment will find practised all the world over; but no where so neatly executed as in Paris; it is done with as good a varnish as your snuff-box. And therefore as travelling in France is quite safe, I repeat it again; let your Agent get you good bills at the Royal Exchange, or bring your cash with you. If a man proposes to spend a thousand pound at Paris, he might get it insured to Paris at one *per cent.*; and if he draws for it upon his London banker, it will cost him five; nay more. To evince which, I will state a Paris broker's account for twenty-one pounds, a draught which I sent him to be paid at sight in London, and for which he was not to be called

called upon for, to account till he had notice of its being paid.

21 *l.* at 22 livres for each pound,
462 livres.

	liv.	sol.
Paid Mr. Garvey and Company	387	5
Balance - - - - -	74	15
	462	0

Now as a livre is as near as can be calculated 10 *d.* $\frac{1}{2}$ English, you will plainly see what an advantage my English banker took of me for GIVING HIM the use of 21 *l.* for six weeks; and had I gone to *Rougemont**, or any French banker, they would have given me 23 livres for each pound; but not one would have had the effrontery to have offered me less than 22 livres 10 sols. Such transactions may be called *banking* at Paris; But at London I will venture to say it would be considered downright cheating. Twenty-four livres is always given here for a guinea; but a guinea is in fact worth twenty-four livres, ten sols. I am confident, if two young men who understood

* *Rougemont* has a brother a merchant in London, and the Paris brother always paid my drafts at sight, and often before they were due, in gold.

the business were to come to Paris, and open a bank upon fair and reasonable terms, they might, in a very few years, make a large fortune, in taking a moiety of the profits which are now exacted. I am aware you will say how differently I speak and think of Frenchmen, and of French manners, to what I did upon my first arrival. To which I reply, I have been longer here, and am better informed; but even from the first I expressed my dislike highly to the commonalty, and I still say, that the people of fashion are well bred, like people of fashion every where else. You ask me, what progress I make in the French tongue? Why I speak it *like mad*, and sometimes frighten the ladies by using *paw! paw!* words; but I am not balked, because they always *laugh*, and make me *repeat* them. In short, I am often in the same dilemma that a lady of great fortune and little reading was, who formerly lived at Isleworth, where, as the phrase is, my friend you know was the parson, who, in rowing a boat on the Thames, had struck the oar on his groin, and hurt the *abdominal* muscle, and not chusing to rely on the skill of the village surgeon, he was attended by one from London,

don, a circumstance which gave great offence to the country practitioner, and of course excited much curiosity amongst all the *middle-aged* church-going dowagers. A parson attended by a London surgeon, the hurt in a *suspicious place*, and the shrugs and half words of *doctor Blowbladder*, occasioned many close questions to be put to him, by some of the old ladies, and now and then a young one.— At length he found out the cause, and informed the particular lady mentioned above that Mr. — had hurt the ABDOMINAL muscle! with some other particulars. Fraught with this piece of extraordinary intelligence, she visited the whole town, and as a secret of the utmost importance, informed them, that the parson's disorder was owing to an injury he had received on his *abominable muscle!* Trifling slips of this kind I often make. Now I am story-telling, here are two more for you, one which happened last winter, the other I had from a gentleman, who knew the parties in the south of France. Two officers meeting upon the *Pont Neuf* in Paris, one a very little man, the other rather tall and strong, jostled each other as they passed; the little one took fire, and gave the big one a box on the ear,
who

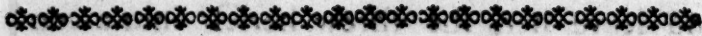
who very deliberately said to him, "These kind of affronts are usually washed out with blood, but I will extinguish this with water;" so taking him by the waistband of his breeches and shoulder, threw him over the parapet into the river, where he was instantly drowned! nor was any notice taken of the survivor. A blow is deemed sufficient here to justify putting the offender to immediate death. Here is no king's-bench, *for cowards to hide themselves under*, nor any gentleman, who dares set forth in an *indictment*, that he "verily believes such a thing was said or done to *reflect on his courage*."

When a military man in France thinks any *reflection is thrown out* against his honour, he must do as major N—s did, fight or resign; one or the other *as sure as a GUN*. Nay, the very women in France are not without courage to resent personal injury, as you will find by the following relation, which is strictly true. A young lady of Lyons had been seduced under a promise of marriage by her lover, till at length she found *it necessary* to call upon him to perform his promises, and save her honour; but finding that neither her affection, nor the condition in which he had involved her, was likely

likely to divert the resolution which he had privately taken, namely, to make a campaign and leave her, she threw herself into a convent, and from thence wrote him an affecting letter, informing him, that she was no stranger to his cruel resolution, and desiring to see him, to take an everlasting farewell. He accordingly went, and she finding all expostulation with him in vain, Then give me your hand, said she, and at the same instant that she seized his right-hand in hers, she drew forth a pistol with her left, and shot him through the head. She then flew to the abbess of the convent, told her what she had done, and for why; desiring leave immediately to set out for Versailles, to throw herself at the king's feet for mercy, where she found it; and now shews the child as her own, and makes no scruple to tell the fate of its father.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

L E T.



L E T T E R X I X .

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

YOU ask me why I leave a country, in which I have been so well received, and in which the good things of this life are in greater plenty than in my own? The question is very natural ; but it is chiefly for those very reasons, because it is impossible to live among these people, without conforming to their customs. Dress and cards in particular I abominate, and here every man who is seen must be dressed. Even Dr. Smollet, you know, *walked chapeau bras, when he was sick and cold!* Dress is expensive, and the conversation in general very trifling. Besides, I have learned, as most people do towards the close of life, that the best conversation upon earth is an old friend or two, whom one sincerely loves, and that excellent and instructive companion

GOODY

GOODY NATURE; those are the only REAL enjoyments of life. My residence here about a year and a half has given me, however, an opportunity of seeing a fine country, and a once mighty kingdom; and I shall have the satisfaction in reflecting that I have seen it, with little expence, and with more advantages than usually fall to the lot of strangers, and men of my small fortune. And besides that natural love and hankering after one's own country, which is so strongly implanted in man, there are many capital objections against a *Protestant with a family* settling in France. If a man be wise enough to see through the bigotry and absurdity of the Romish religion (and he must be very weak if he cannot) he is looked upon with an *evil eye*. The prior of this town, upon my first arrival here, was *particularly* civil to me; but upon a little acquaintance with my thoughts on the religion *he professes*, he has been, for a Frenchman, rather rude. As a popish priest is supposed to do much injury among weak Protestants, so a weak Protestant may do much injury even amongst sensible Catholics. The great misfortune of the Catholic religion is, that it renders the multitude superstitious and idolatrous,

trous, and leaves most men who have sense enough to see through its errors, rather disposed to consider the whole Christian system founded on no better basis. There are more Deists in France than in all the Protestant countries in Europe. It is a false charge upon the English nation, that they are more addicted to suicide than any other. It is very frequent here; but here it is *carefully concealed*, in England it is often falsely insinuated. In England men destroy their constitutions chiefly by excess of drinking; in France, where wines of most sorts are so delicious, the same injury is done by eating!! In my opinion, and from all I have seen, Frenchmen eat much more than Englishmen; sure I am they drink less. When the cloth is taken away, so is the wine. The separation of the ladies from the men was never heard of in France; and a Frenchman plays the fop and the fool, with respect to gallantry, till he sinks into the grave.

I dined the other day at Paris with the chevalier Redmond, a lieutenant-general in the French service. His family were originally of Ireland; but he was born in Portugal. This gentleman signalized himself at the affair at *St. Cas*, in a double respect; in the first instance,

France, for his bravery; and in the second, for his humanity, in cloathing the naked, and feeding the hungry, who were made prisoners of war. He is what the French call *un garçon*, i. e. a batchelor. His apartments at the *hotel de Strasbourg* are furnished with an excellent library, a great collection of fine prints; and his cellars, if I may judge from the specimen I had, abound in the choicest of wines; for at his table I drank the best I have yet met with in France. I do not think the French in general are very good judges of wine; for they seldom drink any without water.

As to the tradesmen and common people in France, I only alter my opinion by being convinced they are worse than I at first suspected them to be; for the most substantial will impose where they can, and the *petit monde* are in general downright cheats! Perhaps their extreme poverty is the occasion. The poverty of the peasants takes much away from the beauties the yet delightful country would otherwise afford, could we meet, as we do in most parts of England, with tight, little cottages, inhabited by clean, decent-appearing men, women, and children;—but
amongst

amongst the peasants in France, no such poor are to be seen, no such houses are to be found. Dirt, extreme poverty, ignorance, and boldness, without any sense of shame, universally prevails; with this difference, that in point of politeness in civil words, they surpass the peasants of England, when they are spoke to. Surely if birds and beasts add to the beauty of forests and lawns, the manner in which men live together in cities and towns is no small addition; but whoever expects to see any thing like a neat country town, such as we continually pass in travelling through England, will be disappointed in France. The streets are filthy, and the *acts* that render them *most so*, are *performed* in open day-light, without *fear* or shame! by both sexes of the common sort. I believe my house was built by an Englishman, as I have in the garden *two temples*, and I do not believe any other house in the town has one; and yet, strange as it may appear, the cause of this neglect and filthiness has its rise from the opposite extreme. All the people *distingué* use *une chaise piécée*, because they all use partial bathing; for which reason a Frenchwoman makes no scruple to say *what she has been doing! Why does*

does an English woman conceal it? Since my last, I have spent a day or two at Paris, in order to see some of the many things I have hitherto omitted to look at. Upon this occasion I may say I *viewed all Paris*; for I went upon the top of the church of *Nôtre Dame*, and whoever will do the like, may in one minute be convinced how much less the city, &c. of Paris is than that of London. Indeed they are not to be named together, either for size or beauty. I took this occasion likewise to see the SORBONNE, in the center of the choir of which, in a small but elegant chapel, stands the tomb of the founder, *Cardinal Richlieu*. *Voltaire* says this monument is not sufficiently noticed; and I begin to think I am a good judge of sculpture, being convinced, had I never heard it mentioned as an exquisite performance, it would have struck me with delight, and raised my admiration. When I went into the chapel, it being holy week, high mass was performing, attended by a great body of clergy (*and clergy only*) sitting in stalls round this excellent monument, and I was obliged to wait till that business was over before I could approach the tomb, on which the cardinal is represented as lying down upon his bed to die,

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pressing his right-hand on his heart, and no tongue could more plainly express a sense of his condition. A fine graceful female figure, with a most benign countenance, representing religion, supports his drooping body, while afflicted science lies weeping at his feet; two little angels, or *genii*, support his arms and cardinal-hat; and every part of this *little* but exquisite monument is highly finished. Should part of such a noble and beautiful monument as this, or the baths of Apollo in the garden of Versailles be discovered amongst the ruins of old Rome, with what eagerness would the *virtuosi* search after the scattered fragments! I more than suspect, that the *hand* of antiquity has proved an *excellent assistant* to the ancient artists, and that many a man who goes to Rome to study, or enjoy the arts, might rest satisfied in seeing what England and France alone produce; yet I do not think Westminster-abbey can boast of a more elegant design, nor so well an executed monument in all its parts, as that of cardinal Richelieu in the chapel of the Sorbonne. Though the artist's name is of no great consequence to you or me; yet it is a justice due to genius, wherever it be found, to mention it; this is
the

the work of *Girardon*, a native of *Champagne*. I should have told you, that the cardinal's left-hand was offering to the holy virgin his works of piety; but these were unfortunately broke off, and with them a part of the thumb; a circumstance which happened, I presume, by some of the zealous devotees, in kissing the hand with much eagerness, the inside of the palm being much worn by *those religious embraces*, not considering that they kiss the representative of the hand of a man more like a devil than a saint; for he caused the rector of *Loudoun* to be tried for using the magic art, by commissioners appointed by himself, who condemned him to be burnt alive, and the sentence was cruelly executed upon him in the *Place Grève*, upon the pretence of his being a conjurer; though in FACT only for being the suspected author of a lampoon, in which was set forth the low birth and character of this cardinal.—Sir Robert Walpole would have entertained his friends with such a piece of wit, and silenced the poet, had he been a good one, with a better *place* than the *Place Grève*. But what renders such an act of Richlieu's more extraordinary is, he had, before he rose to such power, seen *Leonora Galligai*, the wife of

Marechal D'Ancre (who was the sole author of his future grandeur) burn at the same place, being convicted of the same nonsensical vices. She had been the favourite of the mother of Lewis the 13th, and was accused of bewitching the queen into a partiality for her; and when the chief judge asked her by what secret charms she influenced the queen? She boldly replied, "By none other than that which
"the minds of GREAT people influence little ones." Her husband had been basely murdered a little before! Their real offence was no other than being *favourites* and strangers, the violent dislike to whom, in the French, at this day, tho' concealed in a great measure by good breeding, is very discernable, and therefore it will be needless to say why the English, above all other nations, are most *offensive* to them. A French general officer of great rank, on the day of the battle of *Fontenoy*, would not obey the orders of marshal *Saxe*, though repeatedly sent him by several aid de camps; nay, they even advised and urged the king to retire, and assured him the day was lost; till the marshal, in the presence of those very officers, in a peremptory manner told the king, he was imposed upon by fools and rogues, and that he
would

would answer with his head for his personal safety, and the success of the day; but that success was owing to the king's being present; for the French never did, nor never will, obey a foreigner, be the event ever so fatal, but for such a stake. Marshal *Saxe* might have tried the general for disobedience of orders, and perhaps have punished him; but he was too wise and too prudent to take notice of a neglect which did not occasion the loss of a battle. A great general whom I could name endeavoured to hide HIS OWN neglect, by basely charging it upon another, as *legerdemain* men do, while they put a pidgeon under their cap with their right-hand, call off the eyes of the spectators, by bidding them look at their left; and were it not for the profound respect *I have*, and ever *shall have*, for courts-martial, especially when conducted by *ingenious judge advocates*, I would almost venture to say, that even L. G. S—— did just what a sensible cautious man ought to have done with such contradictory orders as he received; orders which he received from a man with whom he was upon no friendly terms; orders from a man who perhaps hated a general of his penetration so near his person, so equal in

power, and so *capable to perceive in what manner* the immense sums transported to the continent were expended. Perhaps the German g— would have been better pleased to have had a man with *a heart without a head*, than one with a head and a heart too. Lord G—— was never suspected to be deficient in the latter; and the next generation, I am persuaded, will allow him to have possessed both. I do not know how you stand affected to the memory of Sir Robert Walpole; he is accused of having introduced a hundred bad things into England; but I shall ever revere his memory, because I will be bold to say he introduced ONE GOOD THING, which ought to cancel all the bad ones, and throw his vices (if he had any) into the back ground of his portrait; for he introduced the Protestant succession; a blessing which Protestants know best how to value, who have seen most of Roman Catholic countries; and therefore I will send you a Fable, wrote, in compliment to that great man, by the ingenious Mr. Hedges. Lord B——, who hunted him from public service, has not left so many testimonies of his patriotism as Sir Robert Walpole; and few men in high
station

station ever died more regretted by those who knew (and they were very numerous) his character in private life. I say Sir Robert Walpole, because that was the name he shone most in ; that of earl of Orford was a title he was forced to accept.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

The OAK and the DUNGHILL. A FABLE.

On a fair mead a Dunghill lay,
That rotting smoak'd and stunk away,
To an excessive bigness grown,
By night-mens labours on him thrown,
Ten thousand nettles from him sprung,
Whoever came but near, was stung.
Nor ever fail'd he to produce
The baneful hemlock's deadly juice ;
Such as of old at Athens grew,
When patriots thought it Phocion's due ;
And for the man its poison prest,
Whose merit shone above the rest.

Not far from hence strong-rooted stood
A sturdy Oak, itself a wood !

With friendly height o'ertopt the grove,
And look'd the fav'rite tree of Jove.
Beneath his hospitable shade,
The shepherds, all at leisure, play'd;
They fear'd no storms of hail or rain,
His boughs protected all the plain;
Gave verdure to the grass around,
And beautify'd the neighb'ring ground.
The gracious landlord joy'd to see
The prosp'rous vigour of his tree,
And often fought, when in distress,
This Oak's oracular redress,
Sprung from the old Dodonian grove,
Which told to men the will of Jove.
His boughs he oft with chaplets crown'd,
With azure ribbands bound them round,
And there, in golden letters, wrought,
Ill to the man who evil thought.

With envious rage the Dunghill view'd
Merit with honour thus pursu'd;
Th' injustice of the times he moan'd;
With inward jealousy he groan'd.
A voice at length pierc'd thro' the smোক,
And thus the *patriot* Dunghill spoke:

If a proud look forerun a fall,
And insolence for vengeance call,
Dost thou not fear, insulting Oak!
The just, th' impending hatchet's stroke?
When all the farmers of the town
Shall come with joy to pull thee down,
And wear thy leaves all blithe and gay,
Some happy *Restoration-day*.

For 'tis reserv'd to those good times
To punish all thy matchless crimes.
Beyond the Alps, my mind now sees
The man shall fell such traitor trees.
To heav'n, 'tis true, thy branches grow;
But thy roots stretch to hell below.
Oh! that my utt'rance could keep pace
In cursing thee and all thy race!
Thou plunderer! grown rich by crimes!
Thou Wolsey of these modern times!
Thou curst Sejanus of the plain!
Thou slave of a Tiberian reign!
Empson and Dudley!—star and garter!
A Knez!—a Menzicoff!—a Tartar!—

Th'astonish'd farmers all around
Stood gaping at th'impetuous sound.
The Dunghill in high triumph lay,
And swore the Oak had nought to say.

His

His work was done.—The farmers all
Might gather round, and see him fall.
Not so th' event.—The Oak was seen
To flourish more, in fresher green.
By scandal unprovok'd, he stood,
And answer'd thus the heap of mud:

When folly, noise, and slander rage,
And calumny reforms the age;
They in the wise no passions raise,
Their clamours turn to real praise.
Yet sure hard-fated is the tree,
Reduc'd to spatter dirt with thee.
Soon should a branch from off my side
Chastise thine insolence and pride,
Did not the wise obtain their ends,
As well from enemies as friends.
Thus some increase thy heap receives
Ev'n from the falling of my leaves;
Which, like false friends, when dropt from me,
Assimilate and turn to thee.
But be they thine.—New seasons spread
New honours o'er my rising head.

L E T-



L E T T E R X X .

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THE Scotch Reviewers observe, that though I have complimented the king and nobility with some sinister views, that I have nevertheless given a much worse character of the common race of the French people, than they remember ever to have been given by any other writer; but has not their *arch critic* drawn a more filthy character of the fashionable part of the English nation, than either of us have given of the French: for, says Smollet, “ I know no custom more
 “ beastly than that of using water-glasses, in
 “ which polite company spirt, and squirt,
 “ and spew the filthy scourings of their gums
 “ under the eyes of each other ! I knew,” says he, “ a lover cured of his passion, by seeing
 “ this nasty cascade discharged from the mouth
 “ of

“ of his mistress; and he doubts not but he
“ shall live to see the day, when the hospi-
“ table custom of the ancient Egyptians will
“ be revived; then a convenience will be
“ placed behind every chair in company, with
“ proper provision of waste-paper, that indi-
“ viduals may make themselves easy without
“ parting company; and insists upon it that
“ this practice would not be more indelicate
“ than that which is now in use.”

How happy an opening was this, to have a
lick at the indelicate practice of the *English*
ladies in particular, and the nation in general,
without *touching* his *ane* fair countrywomen
of North Britain; for it is well known, that
this *delicate indelicacy* has not yet crept into
common use at Edinburgh, and that the other
convenience the doctor expects to see put be-
hind every English lady's chair, is (as I hinted
in a former letter) confined to a place behind
the kitchen doors in Scotland. I would con-
gratulate the doctor upon many other *happy*
and *elegant* expressions with which his two
volumes of letters are *scottified*, and in which so
many odious reflections are cast upon the *Eng-
lish nation*, and even upon the English ladies;
for it was not a *British*, but an *English* lady,
who

who cured her lover's passion by using a water-glass; and it is the *English ladies* whom the doctor expects to see sit at meals with a *convenience* behind their chair; for in Scotland these oblations are left upon the stair-cases, and, as I said before, behind the kitchen-door. Certainly a Scotch writer should speak with some degree of modesty, when he speaks of the dirty customs of other countries; for, from all I have heard, and all I have read, and all I have seen, it does not appear to me that Scotland is the land of delicacy; though I once had a Scotch footman, who floured the wristbands of his shirt with the dredging-box for a month or five weeks, and by this act of cleanliness and frugality, saved the expence of washing.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

LETTER



LETTER XXI.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

WE have now in this town a fine body of men, consisting of four troops of life-guard, who are to be reviewed by the king on the first of July. I am assured that every private man is a gentleman, and indeed most of them appear to be so. They are very richly clothed in blue and silver, and are commanded by the prince *De Tingry*, son to the late marshal *Montmorency*, and great grandson to the late marshal *Luxembourg*. This corps was originally composed of Scotchmen; they have now but one of that nation in each troop; but, in order to perpetuate their origin, when the roll is called, they are obliged to answer *HERE I AM*. Many of the private men have good landed property, and some the *cross de St. Lewis*. The standards

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of

of one of the troops being new, were conducted yesterday by the whole corps to the parish church, where with much military order, and *religious ceremony*, the *curé* of the parish sprinkled them with holy water, blessed them at the high altar, and received the kiss of peace from each standard-bearer. Marshal *Luxemberg*, you know, was often at hard blows with William the third; and the French remember, and repeat with pleasure, a witty saying of the marshal's; William, it seems, was charged with having said the marshal was hump-backed; the marshal insisted upon it, that it was a circumstance he could not possibly know; for, said he, "though I have *often seen William's back*, he has not yet *seen mine*." The corps I am now speaking of were never known to *show their backs*. They have been often beat; but never ran away. Every inhabitant of this town has either an officer or a private gentleman quartered upon him; they even fixed upon my best room, and marked me down to accomodate one also; but, as a stranger and an Englishman, I remonstrated strongly against it, and wrote the quartermaster a letter, and told him positively I would not submit to it, and by this means I escaped.

But

But it was the compulsion only to which I had any objection; and the certainty that they could neither compel me to submit, nor punish me for refusing. After getting the better of the jack in office, who entered my house with insolence and authority upon this occasion, I would readily have accommodated one of these gentlemen in the best manner I could; for they are very well bred, very well disciplined, and decent-behaved men.

I afterwards saw them reviewed by the king near *Marli*, in the presence of all the royal family, foreign ministers, princes of the blood, &c. and one would have thought, by the amazing number of spectators, the whole kingdom were present. This review is but once in four years, and is of all the *shews* I ever saw by much the finest; but I was a little disconcerted by the prelude to it, which was seeing a long range of scaffolding affixed to the trees on the side of a wood crowded with a great number of both sexes, and all ages, break down for forty yards together. Though I hope, and believe, the same number of British troops would at any time defeat such a body as I there saw; yet I must own that the sprightliness of the French officers,
the

the gaiety of their dress, their horses tails and manes decorated with ribbands, and that excellent discipline and order which is here so well attended to, rendered it, in point of shew, much superior to any thing of the kind I have ever seen elsewhere. Though I have mentioned the body-guards only, yet the king at that time reviewed a great many of his other troops. Do you know that a French officer at quarters dares not wear silk stockings, upon pain of imprisonment? Indeed, considering their small pay, it seems rather an unnecessary injunction. The very young officers in the French service are in general the most disagreeable gentlemen in the kingdom; the middle-aged and old officers are the most agreeable: The minute the play is over, you will see a dozen or two of the former dancing, singing, and cutting capers upon the stage; which is not the worst part of their conduct; for there is very little good breeding to be met with in those places during the performance.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

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L E T-

L E T T E R, XXII.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

Notwithstanding the evil eye with which Protestants are looked upon in general by the French nation ; yet the king and his ministers are too wise to reject the services of Protestants of merit, and as such cannot be distinguished with the *croix* of St. Lewis, or any of the ancient orders, *Lewis XV.* in the year 1759, instituted an order called *Ordre du Merite Militaire* (of which there are three degrees) in favour of Protestants and strangers, namely *Deux Grands Croix, Quatre Commandeurs, et les Chevaliers*. *Monsieur le Prince de Nassau Soarbrack* and *Count Wallander* are of the first ; and our old acquaintance *Baron Dieskau* is of the second. It is

a golden cross, worn with a blue ribband in the button-hole; on one side of which is *Une épée en pal*, with this legend, *pro virtute bellica*; and, on the reverse, a crown of laurels, with *Ludovicus XV. instituit 1759*. Cameron, whose father was hanged in 1745, is honoured with the last of these three pieces of merit. This order is, however, more *distingué* than than that of *St. Lewis*, because there are but few, whereas the former is as common as acorns in an oak forest.

There is in Paris also an English, Irish, and Scotch seminary *of merit*, for the education of young gentlemen of our three kingdoms. Dr. Howard, a near relation to the duke of Norfolk, is the *superieur* of the English, and one Gordon of the Scotch. The English seminary is in *Rue des Portes*, and is a very good house, pleasantly situated, with a handsome garden, and a valuable library, where there are several young Englishmen, well cloathed, and found in every necessary of life for fourteen or fifteen years; nor are they under any obligation either to go into orders, or abide by the religion in which they are bred. This seminary, as well as those of English

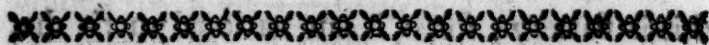
women in *Paris*, *Pontoise*, and *Rouen* have no support or assistance from the French; all their *douceurs* come from your side the water, which I believe are many and great. It is pleasant to observe to what a degree of affected contempt our superiority over the French has made them place us in their grand Royal Almanack for this present year.

Here follows the order in which the English stand, in their catalogue of the princes and states in Europe: First, the royal family of France. Secondly, of Spain. Thirdly, Emanuel, *grand maitre* of Malta. Fourthly, Emanuel of Savoy. Fifthly, Joseph II. emperor of Germany. Then follows the kings of Poland, and Prussia, and finally the KING OF ENGLAND. I should not have said finally, because England does take place of the SWEDES and Turks. So in the same humble manner stands the name of lord Rochford among the *ministers des cours estrangers*, whose name is just slipped in after the pope's nuncio.

In short, as I told you in a former letter, the French people of fashion are very agreeable and well bred; so much so, that it requires
time

time and attention to find out how much in reality they dislike the English; but even this is flattery; for it is our national merit that has brought us into such disgrace.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.



LETTER XXIII.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH the life of madame Pompadour was wrote since her death by a gentleman now living in Paris, it contains nevertheless many truths, as well as mistakes. Every man of discernment may see the imposture in many instances; but in none more than in the nun's letter from Lyons. The character of the K. is too highly painted; that of marshal *Saxe* too low. The pourtrait of the late marshal Noailles is the most justly drawn. He was indeed an able counsellor, and it was upon his single recommendation that the K. intrusted marshal *Saxe* with the command of his army. The king feared him on account of his religion. Marshal Noailles, who for many years was a notorious bigot, nevertheless turned the king's objections into strong

strong and powerful arguments in favour of the Protestant commander. Noailles judged well; the king had no where so able a general, and he has now lost his two best friends, by the death of those two great men. It is a hard matter to come at the real character of princes, as most writers are either actuated by hope, fear, or favour. The frequent opportunities I had last winter at the hunt, which I constantly attended, of seeing, hearing, and observing Lewis XV. added to the information I have had from men of sense and candour, perhaps may intitle me to give the following character of the present K. of France, without deviating much on either side from the truth. Lewis XV. then is fifty-seven years of age, has large, full, prominent, black, piercing eyes, and a Roman nose. Upon the whole, his countenance betrays a handsome goodliness, and is certainly the remains of a manly beautifulness. His person is of a middle stature, rather too bulky for a young man, but what gives grace to one of his years: he walks well, rides better; though he begins to bend a little over the shoulders. When he is thoughtful, and not disposed to speak, he is apt to open his mouth, fix his eyes upon

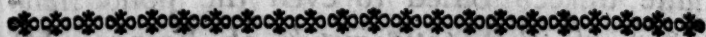
some one object, and let his chin drop; and to such who only see him at those times, his looks are rather unfavourable. He is extremely affable, and well bred, many instances of which I perceived at the hunt, even to myself, though without speaking. I mention this as singular, because neither he nor his subjects are much prejudiced in favour of Englishmen. He is extremely fond of women; nor has any man been more indulged that way. He is also fonder of wine than is the present fashion of France. He finds the saddle the seat of health, and spends more of the day on it than off. He is particularly addicted to asking trifling questions, such as, How old are you? Or to say, You are seventy; you can't live long; and the like. In short, Lewis XV. is neither that wit his flatterers represent him, nor has he that weakness which his own *Countenance* ~~features~~ sometimes bespeak. I shall conclude with an anecdote of H. M. C. M. however trifling it may appear, that may rather confirm what I have said, and it is a fact I can affirm.

One day at the hunt, seeing an old fellow, a kind of lieutenant of the dogs, whom the k— had remembered in his service even when

when he was a boy, the old whipper-in, one quite unaccustomed to even the polite language of the *petit monde* of France, He asked him, "How old are you, Anthony?" "How old, replied Anthony, I neither know nor care. I can eat, drink, hunt, and whore as well as you, and am in good health." The next time the k— met him, Anthony, said he, you would not tell me your age t'other day; but now I know it. "You was born in Languedoc on the 10th of September, in the year 1693, and consequently you are seventy-six years of age." "It is very true, replied Anthony; but your knowing this circumstance is a proof to me that you must have had very little to do, to think it worth while to send to the *curè* of Mudon, to search the register of my birth."—This produced a general laugh, and ended in the king's telling Anthony, he would soon go to the dogs.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

LET-



LETTER XXIV.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

IT is hard that an able officer should suffer in his character for the blunders and incapacity of ministers. *Monsieur De Conflans* was blamed for his miscarriage and defeat by admiral Hawke; but if he protested against the orders he received, and declared that the intended invasion was impracticable, was he to be blamed? This he did repeatedly do; yet he was ordered to sail! and no sooner was he gone to sea, than orders (too late) were dispatched to forbid him. *Monsieur De Clue* passed by admiral Boscawen's fleet while they lay at Gibraltar, and while they were unrigged. Had he been a seaman, perhaps he might have attempted to have taken some advantage of that circumstance; but instead thereof, he slipped out of the Streights mouth,

was

was pursued by admiral Boscawen, and defeated. Monsieur *De Clue* is esteemed a brave and gallant officer; but he had never seen a ship of war till after he was vested with that command! and that too while many able experienced sea-officers, for want of interest, or what is as powerful, money, were starving at home! I know a French captain of a man of war, who offered to go and burn the English fleet at Spithead. He made this offer to the ministry, and assured them, that, if he miscarried, he would name to them ten others, who would attempt it till the business was done; but the ministry gave a *very material and important* reason *why they would not accept his offer*: for said they, “if we “burn the English fleet, the English fleet “will burn ours.” In truth nothing can be more contemptible than the marine of France, as it is now conducted. The sea is not an element for men merely brave, and ignorant of the duty of a seaman: nor is this all; a captain or chief d’escadre of a French man of war or fleet, does not receive his orders in consequence of the result of a board of *admiralty*, but a council du roy; men who are totally ignorant

ignorant even of which end of a ship goes foremost; and very often from a clerk in an office; and these men, for private interest, half load every ship which is sent to any foreign port with merchandize; by which means they render half the guns useless, and determine every knowing seaman to decline a service in which they are convinced much is to be lost, and nothing gained. In short, the kingdom of France is too extensive; it abounds in well-disciplined troops, and well-constructed ships of war; but the springs of government lose their elasticity by being too remote from the first mover; they would do so, in a great measure, were the first movements ever so well regulated; at present it has no regulation at all. Money is raised, but it is raised without any regard to law or equity. Not long since, the comptroller of the finances at Lyons demanded the capitation-money of an advocate there for a whole year, before five months were due. The advocate very properly refused to pay more than six months. The comptroller commenced a prosecution against him for not complying with the k—'s edict. The advocate found a carpenter actually in
gaol

gaol for refusing to pay six months in advance; he therefore previously furnishing himself with proofs of the comptroller's conduct, privately set out for Paris, and laid the matter before the parliament. The parliament espoused his cause, and were about sending for the controller, in order to try him, and for which they could, and probably would, have hanged him, had not the king sent for the first president, and forbid them to make any further inquiry into the matter. A country so governed, or rather a country without any government at all, can hardly be supported long; every individual is *for himself*, not for his country. The king has three million sterling in his private purse, which makes him easy let what will happen; for he esteems that more than any thing.

He hates the duke de C——; but does not change hands, because he says he is convinced all men and ministers are alike. In short, H. M. C. M. is one of those few kings who has borne that high title near half a century, and consequently it is not to be wondered at, if he be not tired both of governing, and of *being governed*; and therefore he

minds,

minds, at this day, little else but gratifying his passions, which neither loss of family, *favourites*, or even of part of his dominions, deprive him from pursuing every day.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

LET-



L E T T E R XXV.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

NOtwithstanding the disposition of the king of France, or the tyranny of his ministers, neither the real power of the former, nor the cruel exertion of it by the latter, can put a stop to the noble struggles that the leading men of the several provinces in this kingdom have, and continually are making for that birth-right of all men, LIBERTY. Not terrified by the severity of the punishments with which they were threatened, the parliaments, and particularly that of *Bretagne*, have immortalized themselves by their resolution, wisdom, and sufferings. I shall therefore employ this sheet to inform you of some particulars relative to the cruel imprisonment of *Monsieur de la Chalotais*, *procureur general*

neral au parlement de Bretagne, and his son, in the castle of St. Malo.

In May, 1765, the parliament of Bretagne were, by a short note sent them, signed by the king, suspended from their functions, and ordered to remain in the town of Rennes till they were further informed with his pleasure; and the month following Mr. *Belongelais*, a gentleman of *Bretagne*, was arrested, and sent prisoner to the Bastile in Paris; and at the same time two engravers were arrested, their papers seized, and imprisoned in the town of *Vitre*, where they were closely examined relative to the publication of certain *libels! libels*, I say; for libels are not the growth of England alone. The next person arrested was *madame la marquise de la Roche*, who was also conducted to the Bastile, accompanied by her *femme de chambre*. I should have told you, a little before this appeared at *Rennes* a print, on which was engraved the names of those officers of parliament who had not signed the act of their dismissal. This print was decorated with a great number of initial letters, namely d'J and de F. at the top of which was a medallion, whereon was cut

cut several large J. F's. and on it a crown of JF's. Round the medallion was the following motto, *nunc & ab omni ævo*. These J's and F's, no doubt, stood for *Judex Fidelis*. But what rendered this rather too serious a joke is, that there was engraved on them also, that the *marquise de la Roche*, and *monsieur de la Belongerais* were the authors and distributors of them.

About the same time the *abbé Boisbilly*, canon of the cathedral of *Quimper*, was arrested, his *papers seized*, and conducted prisoner to Paris. And the same night a young man was also arrested, as the suspected writer and author of an anonymous letter sent by the post to *compte de Saint Florentin*.

I must not omit acquainting you with the repeated injunctions of the king, and the spirit that his subjects in a dutiful manner opposed to them. In order to give you some idea of the manner of publishing libels in France, and punishing the publishers, I will recite a few particulars. Some time in July the *procureur du roy*, who brought an arrêt of parliament to *Rennes*, received by the post, addressed to him, several pieces of paper, whereon many things were wrote in prose

Q

and

and verse, of a very libellous nature, though perhaps composed of true matter, one of which was a parody of a letter of *Monseigneur le comte Florentin's*. Another was an epitaph on the *deceased* parliament of *Bretagne*. Some of these papers were also engraved; on one of which was wrote *Coniac sénéchal de Rennes*. On another was wrote, *De votre feu parlement*. In short, these papers, embellished with a great number of devices, that were well understood by the inhabitants of *Bretagne*, and severely *resented* by the *courtiers* at Versailles, occasioned a great number of innocent people, and all perhaps well-meaning, to suffer imprisonment under many cruel aggravations. Poor *Monseigneur de la Chalotais* and his son, were confined in separate and wretched apartments in the castle of St. Maloes, without being permitted to see each other, or partake of the benefit of the air or exercise, which had brought the old gentleman's health to a dangerous state. And what renders it still harder, he and his son too, both protest their innocence, and that they neither directly or indirectly were the authors or publishers of the papers in question. You will be interested in their behalf, though they

are

are strangers, when I tell you that *Monsieur Chalotais*, in a letter he wrote to the king, says, "Your *procureur general*, Sire, offers
 " his head, if it can be proved that he wrote
 " or caused to be wrote; sent or caused to be
 " sent, any of those anonymous papers; and
 " that his son has been guilty of no other
 " crime, than that of loving and honouring
 " his aged and afflicted father; that he is ac-
 " cused of being where he never set a foot,
 " and of words which he never spoke." In
 short, France has her * *butes* to shoot at, as
 well as other countries; and every soil pro-
 duces a W—ks, a Ch—ll, and a C—m.
 Having mentioned the Bastile, it may be pro-
 per to inform you, that the Bastile is the only
 prison in France, which is not many degrees
 worse than Newgate; but whoever is sent
 to that royal prison is lodged in good apart-
 ments, and has a table provided at the king's
 expence, suitable to the condition of life in
 which the prisoner used to live.

I told you, in a former letter, what a
 sprightly child the *compte de Provence*, second

* *Bute* signifies, in French, a butt; to shoot at for a
 prize.

son to the late *dauphin*, is; an instance of his cleverness I will not omit *daubing* him with. He is now about nine years old, and the other day he laid a wager with his elder brother the *dauphin*, that he would speak to his *papa roy* with his hat on. Accordingly, when he went to pay his duty to the king, whom he approached with his usual respect *chappeau bras*, while his brother stood concealed at some distance, to watch the event of the wager. Soon after the first greeting with his grandpapa, " *Papa roy*, said the young prince, I " dreamed last night that I was a general, " and at the head of your army, just going to engage, and then clapping his " *hat upon his head*, drew his sword, and " shewed the king in what manner he advanced upon the enemy." The *dauphin*, who was an eye-witness to the address of his brother, and the loss of his wager, could contain no longer; he burst into laughter; the king perceived him, and insisted upon knowing the cause; upon which the king declared the *compte* had won the wager, gave him a louis-d'or, and bad the *dauphin* give him another.

" I beg

LETTER XXV.

229

" I beg pardon for this tedious epistle, and
" am very sincerely,

" Dear Sir, yours, &c."

P. S. The dauphin of France constantly
brings the king his shirt every day !

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LET-



LETTER XXVI.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

Nothing certainly can be a more flagrant instance of the impudence of the Twedites than that of charging me with having put myself up to sale in this kingdom! Does it become men of Scotland to tax an Englishman with a tendency of becoming a traitor, or an enemy to his country, while every power in Europe is so overrun with that *migrating* nation? This reflection struck me very powerfully the other night at Paris, where going into a coffee-house much frequented by *Britons*, I found lieutenant-colonel G——, a Highlander in our service; captain F—— in the same service and nation; captain Cameron, in the French service, and whose Father was hanged in 1745, and the uncle of captain F——, *late gentleman of the bed-chamber* to the Pretender, *jugged* together like

like a covey of late-dispersed partridges in a wheat stubble. It put me in mind of the facetious Mr. Foote's account of Dr. *Squintum* and his brother James at the Bell at G——r*. These people ought to be informed, that while there are thousands of their faithless countrymen in the service of France, there is not at this day one Englishman that I could hear of: and I can confidently affirm, there is not one English beneficed priest in Paris, and but one in the environs of that city; while the army and the church swarm with Scotchmen; and while their *gude* friend doctor Gordon, head of the Scotch seminary, is daily receiving *new recruits*, and sending off his *disciplined men to head-quarters*. I cannot avoid telling you a very singular instance of the regard one Scotchman has for another at first sight. During the time I had the mortification of commanding Landguard Fort, we were annually reviewed by a general officer of great rank, who, upon these occasions, did me the honour to eat a barrack dinner with me. It happened that one B——e, an ensign of invalids, who had served also in the Irish brigades in France, upon one of these occasions dined with me

* See Foote's humorous pamphlet upon that subject.

likewise. His name and tongue betrayed his country to the general, who was no sooner gone than ensign B—— told me with rapture, that the general had promised to make both his bastard sons serjeants to the regiments in which they then served private! I then asked B—— how he came to make such a request to an utter stranger? He assured me he did not; but that the general *took occasion*, while I was stepped out to —— (I did not stay a minute) to ask him in what manner he could serve him? You will wonder, perhaps, that B—— should have made so modest a request; but when I tell you he had been most of his days a serjeant himself, the wonder will cease as to the request, *whatever you may think of the question*. Though the general always honoured me with his company at dinner upon these occasions, he never offered me his service, nor any return; and as he dined with me by *his own* invitation, and made his offer of service to B—— while my back was turned, I think you cannot charge me with betraying *private conversation*. B——'s two sons were, to the honour of the general, made serjeants; and their father, seeing his family *happily* provided for, soon after walked into
the

the sea, and took *a surfeit of salt water*. It is very singular, that within a few years a governor's brother at Landguard fort shot himself; one lieutenant and one ensign drowned themselves, and another broke his neck down stairs; but what is more singular than all is, that captain Lynch, of Orwell's militia, was tried there by a court martial, found *not guilty*, and acquitted *with honour*, and yet his majesty did not think proper to confirm this EXTRAORDINARY SENTENCE, "*because the charge is very positive, and stands uncontradicted by the prisoner.*" Lord Orwell, then colonel Vernon, was president of the above court martial; and he is still colonel of that corps in which Mr. Lynch was *then* a captain. Now I have told you these extraordinary things, I will tell you one thing which is not extraordinary, i. e. that soon after this court martial was dissolved, so was the corps of officers likewise; for the lieutenant-colonel RESIGNED, the major RESIGNED, all the captains RESIGNED, and most of the lieutenants and ensigns RESIGNED; but the colonel did not *resign*! Lord Orwell, the president, is still colonel of the Eastern battalion of the Suffolk militia. Though there is no lieutenant colonel,

colonel, no major, no captains, nor any lieutenants or ensigns; yet the private men, I will be bold to say, make as *fine a figure* (by the care and diligence of adjutant Clark) as any corps *whatsoever*. Now I mention lord Orwell, you remind me with complying with your request, relative to what passed between me, colonel T—, and captain Wynde*, after I had been imprisoned three months in the King's Bench, for libelling lord Orwell, and after I had entered into a recognizance of two thousand pounds for my good behaviour for SEVEN YEARS. The case was this; colonel T— called upon me at my lodgings in Sackville-street, and told me he came from lord Orwell, who desired to know whether I had wrote, or caused to be wrote, any reflection upon his character on the walls in the public streets of London? I replied, Lord Orwell had no right to question me, and I would not give him any answer. Then said Mr. T—, Lord O. *says* he will fight you, and desires you will meet him in Hyde-park for that purpose. I then asked the colonel, whether he knew the PARTICULAR circumstances I lay under, and by whose proceedings against me those

* A captain in Hawley's dragoons.

PARTICULAR circumstances were occasioned ? To my great surprize indeed ! he told me he did ; *yet urged me to go out to fight* lord O. !! My worthy friend captain Wynde then undertook to settle this matter for me, and thinking perhaps *he could answer* for my compliance in what he should propose, he made the following offer, *viz.* That it could not be supposed I would fight his lordship at two thousand pounds odds ; and therefore if he would indemnify my securities in the sum of two thousand pounds, I should fight him the next morning in Hyde-park ; and that if his lordship would go over to Calais (seven leagues) I should fight him *there* without. His *lordship* would do neither, and he was in *the right of it* ; What ! go *beyond sea*, to fight a duel, with the *gout flying about me* ! I might have *caught cold, on the passage*, or have been laid up *in flannels* on the other side the water. I might have *been killed or drowned* in coming back ; and besides, you know the m—y could not do without me. But, after all, I am inclined to believe you will think with me, that it was all a *hum-bug*. Lord Orwell could not seriously have thought of violating the laws of the land, *after* he had bound me to my good
behaviour

behaviour, because I assure you, upon *my honour*, he never gave me the *least intimation* of such a method before; and whoever reads captain Abraham Clark's "*HOME THRUST AT DUELLING*," must agree *with him*, that fighting is a *serious thing*, because sometimes, *when the loading of the pistols are not left to the seconds*, a man's *life may be in danger*.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

P. S. I should have told you, that lord O. wrote a letter to my worthy friend captain Wynde, urging him very much to subscribe to a paper, to which colonel T——'s name stood! and which *his lordship* called a *state of the case*; but the paper was returned *without* the wished-for success. Captain Wynde absolutely refused to sign *such* a paper.

LET-



L E T T E R XXVII.

St. Germain's.

DEAR SIR,

THE parliament of Paris have lately been re-alarmed at the great number of Jesuits that still reside in that city, and they have all had very *serious* notice to retire. It is impossible to consider the fate of these *persecuting*, persecuted men, without pity. If forty thousand men are turned adrift, without a home or habitation, allowing each to have a sincere friend, eighty thousand persons are by such an act made wretched: one of that order, however, who resided in this Town, it was with pleasure I heard of his departure; he had the *singular honour* to depart the kingdom by name and the express order of the king. He was young, learned, and a handsome person; the latter had procured him the good-will of a young married female of great

great rank within our walls; and this lady, assisted by her father, brother, and kindred, had undertaken to secure him even *more* than personal safety. To this end they advised him to petition the parliament of Paris to permit him to continue in France; and in his petition he set forth, that *he renounced the order of which he had been a member*; denied their doctrine, and abhorred their tenets. But what is more singular, this very man was employed as the most able pen, but a short time before, to draw up and lay the unhappy state of the Jesuits before that assembly; which, in order to apologize for, he says in his petition, that the brethren of his order had taken advantage of his youth and vanity to persuade him to take up his pen in defence of a set of men so dangerous to society. This petition was a great acquisition to the parliament, to have an avowed acknowledgment under the hand of an able Jesuit, that what they had done was the result of sound policy. Notwithstanding what I have heretofore said, it cannot be denied that convents and monasteries have and do produce many instances of shining virtues; there are few which do not contain some noble minds. We are in general apt to
take

take a malicious delight in setting forth the dissolute manners and vices which we find therein, without thinking how grievously we offend, and justly too, those members who are truly good. I defy the most established deist to see and converse with the English poor *Clares* at *Rouen*, and be insensible of their merit, or without respecting them for their piety, and the hardships they endure throughout life. At the same time that I feel a secret satisfaction at the extirpation of the Jesuits as a body, I cannot help feeling for them as individuals: They are now, I find, just banished from Spain, and I wish the consequence of these catholic councils do not send too many of them into our country. As this order of men are a topic of conversation throughout Europe at present, perhaps the following account of their rise and founder may not prove unentertaining to you. His name was *Ignatius Loyola*, a Spaniard, a native of Biscay, a man of no learning, of a romantic turn, and greatly addicted to enthusiasm. He founded this order in the lifetime of Luther. Ignorant as he was, he found in those days (as we do in ours) a great many ignorant people to become the followers
of

of any upstart sect; and after travelling to Paris, Rome, and over a great part of Europe, he applied for the pope's BULL for the establishment of that order, and removed some difficulties at first started, by adding to their three canon vows a fourth, namely, *a particular obedience to the pope*; and this it was which not only established the order of Jesus, but which, not long after, carried the religion of the church of Rome to the remotest parts of the globe; and there are at this day upwards of ninety ~~thousand~~ thousand men of that order! Notwithstanding the great army always supported in this kingdom, for the defence of the king, there is a much greater number enlisted under the banner of Christ. Sixty years ago the clergy of France, regular and secular, were upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand! England, Scotland, and Ireland, has not above twenty thousand; and in Holland, which contains two millions of inhabitants, there are not above one thousand. By this you may perceive how *much more religious* the French people are than the English, and how much the English *surpass* the Dutch in acts of devotion. The number of both sexes shut up in convents in this kingdom amount to upwards

wards of ninety thousand; so that including the clergy and convents in France, three hundred and forty thousand souls *live in celibacy!* Did you ever observe that almost every country village in England furnishes an idiot, and every large town many, as if Providence had designed it, to put us in mind of what materials we are made: so I think every country and state produces one or two great men, to point out the follies and vices of the age they live in. *Montesque* and *VOLTAIRE* have done it for France. I cannot but reflect, as well as read the works with delight, on the situation of the latter, who seems perched upon a distant mountain, from whence he *securely* overlooks his own country; and from whence, without fear, he dares to tell them truths they ought to hear: for if, as the clergy say, he is not a friend to the church, he certainly is a friend to humanity; and yet, though no inquisitorial court sits in France, I should be sorry to see Voltaire brought to a trial for his writings by the clergy of this kingdom. I am apt to think, if he was, that every person who brought wood for his funeral pile would have an hundred days indulgence granted. Perhaps you expect me to point out the *great*

R

men

men on your side the water ; but that is what I expect to hear from you : for those who were *great men* when I left England, are now dwindled into little ones. Though I have not forgot a very *little man*, who brought me before a very GREAT ONE, and, when I do, may you, and he who made you, forget

Your humble servant.

P. S. I beg pardon ; I will not say any more of the Scotch ; but as they always dignify an Englishman in Scotland by the epithet of *poke puddings*, i. e. gluttons, I cannot help wishing they had not so many fingers in the English pies as at present. The Highlanders have an old tradition, that the time will come, when they shall “ *measure out the cloth of London with a long pole.*” And I now begin to believe THEY ARE second-sighted.

LETTER XXVIII.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I am not for transplant-
ing into my own country, ALL the
customs and manners of this nation; yet the
following is very well worthy of imitation.
What I mean is relative to that *important* busi-
ness, VISITING. In France, if a French or an
English family take an house in any country
town, inhabited, as the phrase is, by *good*
company, whatever be their rank or condition,
no mortal will go to see *them*; for if the last
comers chuse to be visited, they must find
out those inhabitants which seem most likely,
either from their character or rank, to be
suitable, and visit them FIRST. These will
all return the visit with great exactness; and
such of them as prove agreeable, you may
continue your acquaintance with, and the

R 2

others

others you may drop without giving any offence. So that whenever a French man or woman make you the *first* visit, take it for granted that your visiter is ignorant of the rules of good breeding, or has some sinister view, except when some singular circumstance may appear to justify such an intrusion, and more especially to a stranger, because they pique themselves in shewing a *particular species* of politeness to foreigners, which however, after all, you will find to consist more on what they say, than in what they do. While I was absent last summer, Mrs. T. was honoured with a *first* visit by a *fine* lady, a native of North Briton, who introduced herself by informing Mrs. T. that her name was Rose, and that she was sister to the late Sir *Hector* M'Clean, and then advanced with the offer of her cheek, according to the custom of the country; but the impropriety of her visit, her bold assuming air, and the *Hector* which preceded her name, induced my wife to decline the salutation, and receive her only with the most distant civility. Madam Rose, however, sat down with a *bonne grace*, and proceeded to give an account of her brother Sir *Hector*, who had been honoured with a
star,

star, a ribband, a commission, and an embassy into Scotland in the year 1745; nor did the cool reception she met with, nor any return made to her visit, prevent her handling the knocker (*unsuccessfully*) of my door two or three times afterwards. I, however, had the honour of meeting that lady, not long since, at a visit in this town, and the gentleman at whose house I saw her, has since given me the following sketch of her life, as he had it from her own mouth.

Madam Rose then is (*as she says*) the daughter of Sir Hector M'Clean, born in the palace of St. James's in the reign of queen Anne. When she grew up, she married a gentleman, with whom she *retired* to the continent of America, where, after some years, and much travelling, she had the misfortune to lose her husband. This *melancholy event* brought her back to North Briton, and there she soon after retrieved her American loss, by giving her hand to a gentleman of seven hundred pounds (*or pounds, for he was an exciseman*) a year. This gentleman, whose name was Clarke, took the *wrong side* of the post in the fatal year forty-five, and being caught tripping in his allegiance to the king, died a *sudden death* at

Tyburn. But I should have told you, that before this her *second* misfortune of widowhood, she met with another great shock: her brother Sir Hector was one of the first men sent over to Scotland by *the Pretender*, with a commission to levy troops, and stir up a civil war in his favour; but information being given of him and his business, Sir Hector was apprehended, and conducted from his lodgings in Edinburgh to the Tolbooth, where his sister visiting him, he got an opportunity to inform her, that his commission and instructions from the Pretender were sewed into the bed at his late apartments; which papers she, under a pretence of taking the lodgings, got an opportunity to possess herself of, and with which she executed the business of her brother with amazing success in many parts of Scotland. After the *Pretender* had escaped into France, madam Clarke followed him, and he obtained for her, from the late duke of Orleans, a pension for life of *two hundred* livres, about eight pounds sterling. With this fortune she *once more* returned to England, and *once more* repaired her former losses, by giving her hand to Mr. Rose, a tall man, who had formerly been a *private* gentleman

gentleman in the horse-guards; but having a desire *to see Rome*, he deserted his colours, and resided there many years. At length, believing his person might be forgot, he returned to London, married this *rich* widow, and with her retired to St. Germain's; and when the king of France granted forty thousand livres pension to the poor Scotch sufferers *by fire*, for their services in the year 1745, madam Rose obtained a farther pension of six hundred livres.

Mr. Rose was a man full as singular and extraordinary as madame his spouse. He was esteemed here, and gave many proofs of it, as a man possessed of an infinite share of cunning, bordering even upon sense; surpassed every body living in the art of lying and defrauding. He had the advantage of a good countenance, and fine person; a volable tongue, and a ready pen; talents which will in general carry a man farther in France than in England, and with which he maintained his ground in this town till the breaking out of the late war, when all the English, Irish, and Scotch were ordered to quit it. Some few, however, who were *not* pretenders to be the

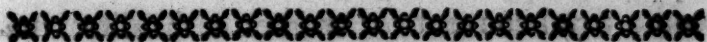
Pretender's friends, remained; but as nobody would answer for Mr. Rose, he was obliged to decamp, and leave madame his wife in a state *even worse* than widowhood. Mr. Rose then made his way to Hanover, and wrote word he had obtained the king of England's pardon. He afterwards joined the British army, made himself known to H. R. H. the duke, and lord L—, and even got some employment in the British army, by telling them that he had a cord about his neck, and was actually going to be hanged by the French as a spy. After the peace he returned to England, and kept a stationer's shop, where, for the *benefit of the public*, he sold paper, pens, ink, pocket-books, &c. retail, considerably under what he gave for them by wholesale. This *business*, however, put him into GOOD CIRCUMSTANCES to become a bankrupt; and having afterwards laid his *deplorable* situation before some of his m—y friends in power, Mr. Rose was rewarded with being made a m—y officer belonging to the T——r, at which place I had at that time some sort of connection, and where he was guilty of such frauds and villainies, by embezzling the

g——t ft—s, that, in consequence of my then station and duty, I represented his conduct to a certain b—d, confirmed by many affidavits, the b—d did not condescend to answer my letters, or take any notice of their faithless servant's ill conduct. I therefore represented his villainies in the strongest light to a certain popular N——n, who, for some private reasons, wrote me an answer, and in it said, "*I could wish you would decline bringing this man to a trial, and I will move him to another place.*" About this time a certain l—— being in want of an evidence upon another occasion, Mr. Rose, fired with resentment, and assured of his own safety, finding his own trial evaded, thought he might be of use on another person's; he therefore offered his service, and did the business EFFECTUALLY. Some years afterwards he was called upon to render another piece of justice in the same way: he appeared; but, either from an inward impulse that his dissolution was at hand, or downright qualm of conscience, he broke his promise; and, for once in his whole life, truth, and truth only, escaped his mouth, and that too even when he was upon oath,

oath, Two months afterwards he was found dead in his bed. But I should have told you, that taking a draught of *Lethe* in his way, he forgot the name of Rose, and died under that of Mr. J—— G——.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

LET-



L E T T E R XXIX.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

I Am just returned from a week's tour from this town to Poissy, Mante, VERNON, Gaillon, and Rouen. A great part of this road is between the mountains and hills, and on the banks of the Seine; except only that some mountains are crossed to straiten the road, and avoid the perpetual bends which the river continually makes, as you must easily conceive, when I tell you it is near an hundred and fifty miles by water from hence to Rouen, and about seventy only by land. It is impossible for any country to be more beautiful, more fertile, or produce a greater variety of delightful prospects, far and near, than this which I am now speaking of; indeed it is infinitely more pleasing than any I have before ever passed. Poissy is remarkable

markable for being one of the oldest towns in France; has a very fine Gothic cathedral, and a royal convent for women of quality, the best endowed of any in the kingdom. This little town is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river, and the bridge from it over the Seine is near half a mile long. We slept the first night at VERNON, though I had protested, on the road thither, against having any thing to do with a town that bore so *strange* a name; but its situation and my companions prevailed over all prejudices. We inquired, however, for an auberge that had *the admiral's head* or Porto-bello for a sign; but the people never heard of *ni l'un ni l'autre*. We therefore put up at the *Grand Cerf* (*a timid animal*) but an excellent auberge, and we were so well satisfied with our entertainment (the wine in particular) that we lodged at the same town on our return. Had I seen *Vernon* before I saw St. Germain, I should certainly have preferred it to reside at; but yet (paradoxical as it may appear) had I never *seen Vernon*, I had never seen St. Germain; and therefore I am glad I have seen both, though both have not yet *seen me*. At Gaillon, a trifling village, we stopped to see a very ancient but noble *chateau*,
belonging

belonging to the archbishop of Rouen. I mention it because it is well worth stopping to see; for though the bishop generally resides there, we walked into the house and gardens, without speaking, or being spoke to! When we came within six miles of Rouen, from the top of a mountain which hangs over the village of *St. Ouen*, we had a most pleasing view of that great city, situated under a high mountain, with the Seine running in a manner through the town; and from this hill I counted between thirty and forty little islands, well planted, and some inhabited, standing in the river; the hills, the islands, the shipping, the large churches, and the number of country seats and little summer-houses on the summit and sides of the adjacent mountains, contributed greatly to heighten the landscape, the remembrance of which perhaps rendered the town itself the more disagreeable; for it is of all the towns I ever saw, the worst built, the dirtiest, and has the narrowest streets. Time, or the rapidity of the stream, having destroyed a stone bridge over the river at Rouen, the piers of which are still standing, the inhabitants have formed a most curious and convenient one in its stead, built upon large lighters.

lighters. It is paved in the center for coaches, carts, &c. and on each side are broad wooden stages, raised and railed off for foot passengers. These barges are framed together with cross bars at their bows, and their stems are confined within framed grooves, which permit them to rise and fall with great regularity and exactness, as the water is higher or lower. Here we were most hospitably entertained by the English poor *Clares* at their convent; and though you cannot perhaps be more averse than I am to the superstitious customs of the church of Rome, yet I will venture to say, you could not see these people, and know the austerity and piety of their lives, without pitying and highly respecting them. The generality of the *religieuses* are divided between this world and the next, by that constant correspondence they keep with the public at their *jaloufie*; but here I found twenty-seven English women, voluntarily shut up, and wholly detached from the world, to spend their life in prayers and fasting. They wear no linen, never eat meat, or meat soup, though it might be deemed necessary for the preservation of their lives. When upon any particular occasion (as it happened to me) they are permitted
to

to converse with one of THE WORLD, their faces are covered with a black veil, so that you can only see the tip of their chin. They rise at midnight to prayer, sleep in their coffins, and eat but one meal a day, and then only of one thing, such as eggs, salt fish, salad, rice, and sometimes, by way of regale, potatoes!! The weakness of their voices, the peckedness of their chins, the solitary retirement of their habitation, and, above all, that exquisite cleanliness of their apartments (so uncommon to be seen in France) all conspired to operate very strongly upon me in their favour, though not in favour of their way of thinking. They have no endowments, but subsist wholly on charity; and if it should so happen that they are neglected, so as to be forty-eight hours without any provisions, they may ring their bell, to inform the inhabitants with their wretched condition; but this, I believe, is what never did or can happen; for, besides the donations they receive from England, the inhabitants have all a strong partiality for the poor Clares; and they often find five guineas put in their wheel at the door, without knowing from whence it came, besides provisions, &c. They have also the advantage of taking

taking in young women as pensioners; but if they do not, after two or three years residence among them, chuse to take the veil, they will not let them continue any longer.—One of the present nuns (a remarkable handsome young woman) left the pension at the age of seventeen, returned to England to her family and friends for four or five years, and then to Rouen, as the only place she could find happiness in!! The pensioners wear a peculiar dress, which, though very plain, and very coarse is nevertheless too becoming for a *religieuse*. Here we were waited upon by two smart clean Lancashire maid-servants, and met with many striking instances how much superior simplicity of manners and cleanliness is, to foppery, dirt, and outside shew. The houses in many of the villages on the banks of the river which we passed are hewn out of the solid rock; and some, which were thatched were quite covered with the spontaneous growth of a beautiful large flower I never saw before, either in France or in England, but which I believe is a species of the Iris; some of the peasants call it *fleur de flamme*, or *flamble*; others *rossette*, and *glayeu*; whatever it be, it is a fine flower to adorn the walls of ruins, or old gateways,

gateways, for which reason I shall endeavour, either by seed or plant, or both, to transplant it into England. *Fleur de flamme* is a very proper name for it, as its variegated purple colour gave the cottages on which it grew the appearance at a little distance, of being on fire. What is singular is, that I did not pass a village upon this road, which did not produce upon the houses, walls, or gateways some of these flowers; yet without seeing any in the larger towns, or about the gentlemens seats we passed. The leaves of this flower, like the *Iris*, are part *bifid*, and stand erect, the others are *reflexed*. The French have an infinite number of flowers, which we know nothing of. I think our catalogue of flowers does not exceed 6000, they have upwards of 11000. They have a bell in their church at Rouen which weighs forty thousand pounds; and though every church in France is furnished with a bell or bells, they have no idea of ringing or tuning of them. Every thing from the top to the bottom, inside and outside, of the *Roman church*, is to me like the jargon of their bells, void of harmony, decency, or order. The priests, in saying mass (which consists more of

action than words) perform it very ungracefully. Instead of kneeling slowly and decently, as men adoring their Creator with reverence, they bend and *bob* like an awkward girl dropping a courtsey, Conversations and even mason's work is frequently carried on in the church during the service. The number of boxes for collecting of money, upon various pretences, in every corner of their churches; the taudry painting and wretched sculpture with which the common run of them abound, gives a rational man more the idea of paganism than Christianity. In the great church of Mante I saw a saint, St. Frances I suppose, with a large gridiron in her hand; and in several I have seen a saint with his head in his hand! but not one with *his head* in *his mouth*. I have almost exhausted my *copy-book* of *elegant smooth conclusions*; so no more at present, but my love to yourself and cousin Betty,

I remain yours to command, &c.

P. S. That you may form a *tolerable* idea how English travellers ought to be charged when the hoste is *tolerably* fair, I send you a
copy

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copy *verbatim* of an auberge bill, and how well I was used, *even at Vernon*, on my return, having then only one friend with me besides two horses.

	liv.	fol.
Vin - - -	1	10
Les euf - - -	0	6
Les auguelle - - -	2	15
La fallade - - -	0	10
Bois - - -	0	4
Le domestique - - -	0	16
Pour les let - - -	0	16
Pour le cheveau, - - -	2	10
Davoine - - -	0	5
	9	10

So that for about eight and sixpence I had a large dish of pitchcock'd eels, a bottle of excellent wine, a good fallad, my horses well fed, fire, bedchamber, and every convenience, as good as can be found at any house in France.



L E T T E R X X X .

St. Germain, June 24, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I Am now packing up my goods, with a view of returning soon to England. This perhaps will be the last letter you will receive from this side of the water; though I have St. Denis, Fontainebleau, and some other places and things to see. Indeed I intended to remain here, to eat the fruit of my garden; but the destruction of fruit by the unwholesome season, I find has been general almost throughout Europe. In my garden, which abounded with such plenty last year, there is little or none. Last year I had many bushels of apricots, this I have but one single fruit of that kind, but very few peaches, and the grapes will be too late for me. During my stay here I have frequented the theatres but very little: however, I may venture to say, from the testimony

testimony of good judges that the French comedies are infinitely superior to ours; in tragedy, we as much excel them. A young girl *wheedles* an old lover upon the French stage better than an English girl can do it in private. Indeed the French tongue is more adapted to *wheedle* in than ours; and perhaps that is one reason why it bids so fair to become universal; though a great number of the French nation are now learning with eagerness the English language. An old gentleman of this town, who cannot speak one word of English, has translated into French, and pretty well too, Robinson's History of Scotland.—This gentleman was exceedingly puzzled, and no wonder, to find the sense, and translate the following lines: "The king's walls were so low, " that foxes might leap over them, till his " hands raised them."

He sent the above extract to me for an explanation, which I gave him in the best manner I was able; though perhaps not the author's meaning, nor is the above verbatim; I recite it only from memory, not having the book before me. I must not omit, while I think of it, informing you of a very extraordinary discovery made by an English priest

now residing in France ; his name is Needham : he is a man of considerable abilities, and has practised the trade of a travelling tutor with Englishmen of fashion for many years, and is now a domestic tutor to the young prince d'Aremberg, grandson to the present count De la Marck. This gentleman asserts, that he will take rain water, or any other which abounds with *animalcules*, put it into vials hermetically sealed, and then either boil them in other water, or roast them in hot embers, by which means it cannot be doubted all the *animalcules* must be killed ; yet he insists upon it, that, from frequent experiments of this kind, in a few days after, without opening the vials, the water will equally abound again with *animalcules*, but of quite different species ! If this be true, and he is esteemed a man of great veracity, it is a proof that there is a self-creative power in the water, which cannot be extinguished ; but this I must leave to naturalists, and say no more about matters out of my depth, and which my betters are unable to fathom. An orthodox priest, one would think, would not advance such an extraordinary assertion as this but from a love of truth. Indeed the clergy
here

here have been offended with him for divulging a thing so extraordinary; for though they *all* believe transubstantiation, they are *all* unwilling any other *mysterious works* of our Maker should be found out. And if the fact of the *animalcules* be not true, it is more than probable Needham advances this as a pious fraud, to reconcile the belief of that great obstacle to the success of a religion he has very much at heart to propagate; and as he is a good moral man, it is uncharitable not to suppose he does himself believe.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

St. Germain.

DEAR SIR,

HER excellency lady Rochford having signified to Mrs. Thickneffe that she intended to honour her with a visit at St. Germain, we prevailed upon her ladyship to order her own dinner rather late, and to partake of such a kind of mid-day breakfast as was in our power to provide. Her ladyship has too much good sense to depart from the dignity of her station, or to adhere so closely to it, as to deprive herself now and then of that peculiar pleasure which even kings feel who know the world and human nature, when they can with propriety change the scene of grandeur, for one of a more simple nature. Actuated from this consideration, and perhaps a desire of making little people happy, a *failing* which her excellency is very apt to fall into, her ladyship

dyship named a day for that purpose; and as it was not in our power to give her ladyship a good breakfast, we contrived to give a whimsical one, which I shall endeavour to describe :

In a recess to the best room we had, three tables were first covered with cloths, i. e. one middle-sized, and two very small ones, fixed backwards, as wings to the larger. Over these tables were turned willow arches, and these willows were first bound quite over with green box and myrtles. The front of the large table was conveyed up to the top of the room, in the form of a grenadier's cap, and covered in the same manner with box, &c. In the front of the cap, in rustic letters, was G. R. and over it ZULESTIEN. Second Regiment. This being done, and water-glasses fixed on both sides the tables, the stems of every kind of fruit and flower were placed in the water, and twined about the arches and room in a most fantastic manner; to the beauty of which the noble pomegranate blossom and branches did not a little contribute: these, together with the woodbines, roses, lilies, pinks, and branches of orange-trees in blossom, you may conceive converted the room into an arbour, that

that could not fail of gratifying two of the senses. In short, the various flowers, vines, oranges, grapes, woodbines, cherries, apples, pears, and every kind of green and ripe fruit, were blended together as well as our imagination could dispose them, to give the idea of a rural and delightful bower; in which, if I may repeat the declaration of those who saw it, we did not quite fail. I say we, because I assisted Mrs. Thicknesse in the work. In one part of the large arbour was a black-bird's nest, so situated amongst the aromatic sweets, that it might have enticed the owner of it into the house. The little table on one side was characterised as an ale-house at St. Osyth, in Essex, one of his excellency's seats; it was the sign of the Rochford Arms, and kept by WILLIAM AND MARY, *late servants* to his lordship. There was, however, a bunch of very small but real grapes under the sign, to shew that the world did not go backwards with them; but what particularly struck the imagination of a young lady about eight years of age, who accompanied her ladyship, and who dined alone at *this little ale-house*, was, a bird's nest over the door, with young ones in it. The
other

other wing alluded to Euston, another seat of his lordship's. On the middle of the table, in a large cut-glass reservoir, stood a tall ORANGE-TREE, with ripe fruit, and blossoms thereon; and this tree, which reached near the ceiling, terminated with a small double-hooped garland, and the garland was crowned with a rustic earl's coronet, made with moss, shells, &c. with the old family motto, "*Tandem fit surculus arbor*," *brodè a tambour* round the hoop. Now perhaps you will expect me to tell you what there was to gratify the other senses. Why there was beans and bacon, and other such like homely fare, of which, however, her ladyship eat perhaps with a better appetite than at a better breakfast; but what added greatly to our pleasure was, that her ladyship, who intended to see the garden and chatteau of *Marli* on her way home, was called upon by his excellency to attend her there, and who was present at the ennobling the young lady mentioned above, in seeing the garland lowered, and the rustic coronet placed on her head.

I should not omit telling you, that the *procureur du roy* of this town, my most excellent neighbour, and truly good man, hearing the
honour

honour I had to expect, almost destroyed his orange-trees and pomgranates in order to shew his attention to her excellency, and a repetition of his friendship and favours to me. I ought to love France, were it only on this good man's account.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXII.

Clermont, Aug. 3, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I Did not intend to have wrote to you any more, while I remained on this side of the *invidious streight* which divides us; but some few circumstances having arose to me on the road hither, and some others to my memory, which I intended to have communicated in my former letters, I shall employ this evening in reciting them. In the first place, I must tell you, that having the English coach which I bought upon my first arrival at the duke of Richmond's hotel, I sold my *landau and one*, and likewise my mare to Monsieur *Vandeure*, a gentleman of fortune, who lives near Lyons, and who, unlike the prince of M——, perceived I asked him a fair price, and he gave it me without the least hesitation. As I had studied the means of passing with
my

my large family cheaply and pleasantly from St. Germain to Calais, a long journey, consisting of thirty-four posts, and being four persons in the coach, I ~~should~~ not, by the king's ordinance, have less than six horses, I will give you some account of my oeconomy and forecast. In the first place, I put a small table in my coach, whereon I could always lean, and often read and write; and about dinner-time, while the horses were changing, it served to spread a napkin on, and some cold provisions that we eat *avec un tres bonne appetite & sans expence*; and in order to avoid the difficulty of getting change, and counting the post-money out each stage, while one is beset on every side by the most audacious beggars in the world, I put up, previous to my leaving St. Germain, thirty-four little packets of money, according to the number of *posts* and *poste & demie* I had to travel, adding to each packet what I intended to give to the post-boys, and determining to give neither more nor less. By the king's ordinance the post-boys are intitled each to five sols for one post, and in proportion to a *poste et demie* and two *posts*. French officers seldom give them more; but from strangers, and *mi lords*

Anglois,

Anglois, they expect more, and near Paris are seldom content. Six horses for one post is seven *livres* ten *sols*, a *poste et demie* eleven *livres* five *sols*, and two posts fifteen *livres*; I therefore made up my packets into eight *livres* fourteen *sols* for one post, thirteen *livres* one *sol* for a *poste et demie*, and fifteen *livres* for two posts, by which you will perceive that the post-boys had twelve *sols* each for one post, eighteen *sols* each for a *poste et demie*; and had any of the stages been two posts, I should have given seventeen *livres* eight *sols*. However trifling this precaution may appear, I will venture to affirm, when you make this or any other long journey in France, you will repent if you omit doing so too. Near Paris, as I told you before, the post-boys were dissatisfied; but near Amiens, and all the remainder of the road to Calais, they were perfectly content; and though I had no servant before to prepare the horses, I travelled with ease an hundred miles a day. While the horses were changed at St. Denis, we took a view of that beautiful cathedral without, and the principal monuments within, with which it is exceedingly crowded. That of Lewis XIV. is covered with a velvet pall, and has a lamp continually

tinually burning over it. The fine things which they make a shew of there, we had neither leisure nor inclination to see; though there certainly are many real curiosities among them, besides a piece of the *true cross*! At *Chantilly* I could not forbear taking a walk in those noble stables, where I found upwards of two hundred English *Honbysms* and a *Yaboo* belonging to *their household*, who importuned me exceedingly to accept of a little hazle whip, the meaning of which was, to extort a shilling for it out of my pocket; but I thought it rather ill bred to offer the brute a bribe in the presence of his noble masters. I told the *Yaboo* I had been there before, and was neither a stranger to the customs of the country, nor the manner in which he dishonoured the prince his master by such behaviour; yet it was with difficulty I could prevail upon him to withdraw *his present*, and retire. We lay that night at *Clermont*; but not at the hotel our post-boy urged me to go to. I had been well entertained the summer before at the *Croissant d'or* a l'*hotel Louis XIII.* and met with the same good entertainment there again. At this little inn I found every thing very clean, my supper was well dressed, and my bill was

too reasonable. Had I gone to the *great* inn which the boys recommended, they would have sold me to my host for a *petit ecú*. But before I get any farther, I must just step back to mention a few particulars of the internal *police* of the city of Paris, a city in which justice is administered upon all delinquents with great severity, and without even a chance of favour, by the intercession of friends of family, or mercy from the throne. In Paris there are distinct magistrates for every purpose. The lieutenant of the police for instance, who is the first, gives his orders, the INSPECTORS give information, the *exempts* apprehend, the *archers* conduct, the COMMISSARIES commit, the *chatelet* condemns, and the priest cannot grant absolution to the criminal till he has made a full discovery of his accomplices. The sentence and the execution frequently happen in the same day; and this speedy execution of justice it is which renders Paris as safe to pass through by night as by day. Mankind in nature perhaps do not differ much from each other, but education and custom renders them very different. There appears to me less honesty, less humanity, and less generosity in France than in England; yet I do

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not

think it arises from Frenchmen being naturally more cruel or more dishonest than Englishmen, but as this is a kind of national charge, I must explain myself. Whoever goes into a coffee-house in Paris, whatever be his dress or appearance, he will find brought with his coffee no more sugar than will barely sweeten it. In London, the commonest tradesman or an utter stranger, has a basin full set before him; and whoever goes into a prison or hospital, will find the latter as bad as the former. At the prison called *Maison de force*, they have apartments wherein they confine idiots and mad people; when the cells for madmen are full, which is too frequently the case, the supernumeraries are chained in the court yard, without any shelter, and if they survive, are exposed to all the inclemency of the weather in winter and summer! Who would not wish to see these wretched beings relieved by death, even were it by the hands of the executioner? It is a national disgrace; it is a disgrace to humanity. The *Hotel Dieu*, is an hospital largely endowed, and which receives, without any questions asked, every object that is presented. A noble charity, and worthy of the name it bears, were it well regulated. But alas, it is no uncommon

common thing to see four, five, six, nay sometimes eight sick persons in one bed, heads and tails, ill of different disorders, some dying, others actually dead. Last winter a gentleman informed me that he heard one of the patients there complain bitterly of the cold, and particularly of that which he felt from the dead corps which lay next him in the bed! It is very singular, but I believe it is a fact, that one fifth of the children born in *Paris* are sent to the foundling hospital, and one third of the inhabitants in general, who die in *Paris*, die in an hospital. Pleasure is the pursuit of those Frenchmen who have the means to possess it, and such men have not time to consider the woes of those who have no means at all! I am sure it must astonish every Frenchman to see that noble charity at Hyde Park Corner, when he reads, or is informed, that it is supported by the VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION OF THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF ENGLAND. And yet common beggars in France are seldom refused charity, or seldom even chid for their insufferably free manner of demanding rather than asking alms! From strangers they will take no denial! but charity is always strongly enforced by the *priests* to their penitents, and

every church is crowded with a ~~trone~~ for this, *trone*
 a trone for that, and a trone for t'other. I think I
 have counted in some large churches trones for
 twenty different purposes! and no *cobwebb* to
 be seen over the nitch of any of them. In
 some I have seen a trone for *repairing* and *beau-*
tifying our Saviour's sepulchre! I must not
 omit now I think of it, informing you that
 two English tars, full of cash, lately made a
 trip to Paris; and as it is the fashion for
 all strangers to hire a *carosse de remise*, the
 honest tars followed it. One evening how-
 ever, when they wanted to *shift their birth*,
 their coachman could not be found, and there-
 fore one mounted the box, and drove his com-
 rade off with the coach. The next morning
 the real coachman, who had been in chase all
 night, came up with his prize, and took her,
 and had the *hands* conducted to the *Biffetre*.
 The frolic of the tars became serious, they re-
 collected they were in France, and though
 they meant no ill, they found themselves quite
aground, on a strange coast: at length one of
 them recollected that there was in Paris a *ba-*
sador who was said to be fond of seamen, and
 they concluded, if what they had heard was
 true, he would not let a couple of English tars
 rot

rot in goal for an innocent frolic; and accordingly the best penman set about writing a letter, in which they told his excellency Lord Rochford, who and what they were, and what they had done, adding *as how* " *they knew the soundings of every harbour on the French coast!*" The letter fortunately got safe and unopened to the ambassador's hands, had it come under the inspection of the lieutenant of the police first, and it was ten to one but it had, the poor *jacks* I fear would have paid dear for their *knowledge of the French coast*; for ~~it being~~ at the eve of a war, perhaps there lives might have attoned for their last indiscretion: I need not tell you they obtained their liberty immediately, because I told you before they made their condition known to the Earl of Rochford, a nobleman in the truest sense of that word, because his lordship acts nobly upon all occasions, and never lets his own high station, nor the important business of his embassy, shut out from his remembrance the woes or hardships of his fellow creatures. The reviewers will acquit me of an attempt of *daubing* as they call it, when I assure you, that a poor man in Essex who lately became intitled to a copyhold estate in Lord Rochford's

*had it
been*

ford's manor, of about thirty pounds a year, could not prevail upon his lordship's steward to admit him, because he could not pay the fine; the poor man threatened the steward that if he refused him his right because he had no money, he would certainly set out for Paris, *and tell my lord of him!* He accordingly did so, and begged his way through both kingdoms till he arrived at his lordship's *botel* in Paris. Some of the servants knew him, his ~~xxx~~ and errand was made known, he got an audience, a week's rest, and good cheer, and was sent home with a *flea in the ear* for the steward, who had orders to admit him gratis.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

9 DE 63

LET



LETTER XXXIII.

Calais Aug. 10. Hotel d'Angleterre, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I AM just arrived with my family at this town, having been three days from St. Germain, though I travelled for *this time* as grand as Dr. Smollet, for I was obliged to have six horses to my coach, because we were more than two persons in it. We passed the high road through *Amiens, Abbeville, Boulogne, &c.* and met with nothing on the road which was remarkable only that the Bull's Head at Abbeville is a wretched house, save only that y are *mi-lorded beaucoup*. The hostess even took away from an awkward servant girl (the only *fille de chambre* she had) what I had given her, and which my landlady *reminded* me not to forget!! But no hotel in France is equal to that from which I now write. *Monsieur Dessein* knows the *gout* of both nations, and
blends

blends them with propriety; and he has the advantage of a palace as it were, to do it in. During our stay one day to rest ourselves, his Excellency the Earl of Rochford arrived here from *Dunkirk* on his way to England. His lordship had taken that rout, in order to enable himself to speak with certainty on this popular subject, having, I conjecture, experienced how little is to be depended upon what others say! How often do we see letters in the news papers complaining that the treaty is not fulfilled with respect to *Dunkirk*, and yet (excuse the pun) the harbour of *Dunkirk* is nearly *fulfilled*; for when I was there last it looked more like a ditch than an harbour, and his lordship, I may venture to say, found it in the condition it ought to be, but then it is said the stones are all built up and numbered for *relaying*. It is true they are built up and numbred for *relaying*, but not for the repairs of the bason and harbour, but made into lots, and *numbered* to be sold to *private* persons, who want stones to build with; and they may be had to pave the streets of London, if they are sent for. Were it not for the sluices and back water of *Berges*, a town two leagues from *Dunkirk*, it would be so choaked up in a fortnight, as not

to admit a smuggling cutter. But what will in a short time, I apprehend, be more effectual than all is, that the inhabitants of Dunkirk will be poisoned by the stagnated waters, which almost surround them, in consequence of the demolition of their harbour.

The wind is now contrary, but being nevertheless in so fair a way of seeing you, I shall conclude thus my last letter from France, by joining in the prayer of an impatient traveller, as I find it wrote with a pencil on the wainscot in my apartment here.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

- " Come, *Eurus*, come and fill the swelling sails,
- " What long delay retards thy lingering gales?
- " Thine aid the impatient traveller implores,
- " Who seeks with anxious haste his Albion shores,
- " Mean time oft fix'd upon the winding strand,
- " With filial love he views his native land.
- " Insatiate views it; 'till the closing night,
- " Involv'd in mists, obscures it from his sight.
- " He sees, fair Dover, pointing to the skies,
- " Majestic in decay, thy towers arise,
- " Thy cliffs that, glittering o'er the extended main,
- " Rise white in air, and crown the wat'ry plain.
- " In vain he sees—stern winter's adverse force,
- " And ceaseless storms obstruct his eager course."

P. S. The next day I found wrote by the same hand, a translation of the above verses, which I have copied as well as I could, though I doubt they are incomplete, or that a line is omitted.

Eure, veni; tua jamdudum exoptata morantur

Carbasa: Te poscit votis precibusque precatur
Impatiens, qui longa moræ fastidia sentit.

Interea ad curvas descendit sæpius oras,
Prospicit in patriam, atque avidis exhaurit ocellis,
Nec dulci faciem de litore dimovet unquam.

Illic Dubrenses ad cælum ascendere colles
Aspicit, excelsamque arcem, grandesque ruinas,
Et late ingentes scopulorum albescere tractus.
Nequicquam videt, heu! nec fas attingere visa:
Obstat hyems inimica et vis contraria venti.

9 DE 63

A FEW

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A FEW AFTER THOUGHTS.

THE king's health is never drank in France, nor is it deemed polite for a stranger to drink it. To Frenchmen it is very unusual, or rather wrong, to drink the health of any person, male or female; yet if a stranger drinks to a Frenchman at table, he will return the compliment.

Using a water-glass at table as it is practiced with us, would give great offence in France.

If an English dish be brought to a table in France, every Frenchman will eat of it, and *admire it exceedingly*, if any Englishmen be present, but none will eat of it else.

It is impossible for that to be **WRONG** which an Englishman and a Frenchman agree is **RIGHT**.

A blow given in France cannot be attoned for but by the life of the aggressor. The parties fight every time they meet, till one falls.

He

He who draws his sword, or gives a blow in any royal palace or gardens, whether native or stranger, is imprisoned twenty one years !

If one gives a blow, the person so provoked will not be punished, nor perhaps even imprisoned if he puts the offender to IMMEDIATE death.

It is necessary always to wear a sword or *couteau de Gbasse* in France.

Servants have no *vails* in France, nor masters or visitors *clean knives and forks*. Yet even servants will not drink out of the same vessel at their meals.

The best *hotels* in *Paris* are not without buggs! and the generality of the houses swarm with them.

Most servants are at board wages, and it is no uncommon thing to see at the first houses in *Paris*, the *maitre d'hotel*, selling in the kitchen what comes from the master's table after dinner, to the servants for theirs.

Puddings, tarts potatoes, and many excellent English dishes for *maigre days*, are scarce to the French. *known*

It is certainly true, that a Frenchman admires nothing belonging to an Englishman but his money.

9 DE 63

F I N I S.